

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A VERY IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

See
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BABY CORNCRAKE HOW SHE HELD UP THE TRAFFIC

Something That Happened in a
Country Road

A KIND MOTOR CYCLIST

A tram was going along a country road that ran between hayfields and hedges in Scotland, from one country town to another. It was a single line, and now and again a loop was arranged to allow trams to pass each other.

A friend of the C.N. happened to be in the tram which was earliest at the loop that morning, and as he waited in the pleasant silence that falls when the clang-clang of the car ceases, he saw a most diverting spectacle. The field on the left side of the road was ready for mowing. Just as the tram coming in the opposite direction made itself heard, he was aware of a tiny object moving in the road.

A Perilous Crossing

It was a mother corncrake with her three wee chicks, and they were moving from one home to another, the parent having evidently decided that it was not wise to stay near a field which her instinct told her was soon to be set upon by a number of men who were not always kind to little birds.

Her journey was ill-timed. The waiting tram-car, which to her seemed as big as a house, was quiet enough, but, alas! here she was with her family half-way across the road, and something awful was coming. The people in the tram knew it was only a motor-cycle approaching, but how could Mrs. Corncrake know that?

"Hurry, hurry!" she seemed to say to her three babies.

Two of them followed her safely enough across the road, but the third baby corncrake lost his head, and ran to the nearest shelter he could find, and that was the rail. He crouched into it, and did his little best to pretend not to be there.

Safely at Home

The motor-cyclist had spied the moving birds, and he happened to be a splendid fellow. He stopped dead. At that moment the other tram came sliding up.

"Mind the wee bird!" called out the conductor of the waiting car.

"I will," shouted a friendly voice.

Then the motor-cyclist quietly slipped down and gently took the shivering chick and put it in the grass near the spot where the mother had disappeared. Mrs. Corncrake was watching all the time, of course. As soon as the huge monsters had gone on, and the man with the kind hands had whizzed away, she went to her third baby and scolded her and kissed her in a breath, as mothers do. And there they were, safely at home in the cool, green field.

"Well done, everybody!" says the C.N.

London's Windmill



London still possesses a windmill though it is not now working. It stands in Cornwall Road, Brixton, and has had the sails removed, being transformed into a dwelling house to help in making up the shortage of houses. Here we see the mill as it appears today

THE NEVER-ENDING WAVE

IN an explanation which Senator Marconi has recently given of the way the wireless waves stretch out ever farther and farther, he touched on the messages that have been sent from England to Australia.

One of the problems which are slowly being solved is the way in which the waves of greatly different length travel, and whether the wave a mile long or more moves in other paths than the short wave which is only thirty or sixty yards in length.

Some of the most successful attempts to communicate with Australia have been made with the short waves. Marconi drew a striking picture of the waves setting out from England, some of them travelling by way of South America and the Pacific, and others crossing Africa and the Atlantic, or Asia and the Indian Ocean, before meeting and joining again to make one sound in Australia. Travelling as described,

these wireless waves pass through day and night, or night and day, for whichever way they travel some part of the Earth's surface must be in darkness during their passage.

This picture of the wave that passes through night and day is typical of the never-ending movement of wireless, which carries sounds over land and sea and even does so from under the sea without ceasing.

From a diving bell in the Atlantic two divers sent to Atlantic City the story of the sea jungle in which they were working, the fishes that swam by them, and the wreckage of lost ships which they were searching. Their words went on to the wireless exchange, and were then broadcast over the length and breadth of the United States forming part of the day's ordinary radio programme.

And so the development of wireless advances from day to day.

A GRACIOUS LADY MEMORIES OF A CHATEAU IN THE WOOD

A Little Luncheon to a Great
Friend of England

A DEBT ON BOTH SIDES

There has come to us in the glorious sunshine of this summer a thrilling memory of black days in the war which many readers of the C.N. are too young to remember. A very charming French lady, in whose honour a luncheon was given the other day in London, is the cause of this reminder.

She is the Baroness de la Grange and was better known and more beloved by the British Army than any other Frenchwoman during the war. Officers and men say they are eternally in debt to her; the lady says she can never discharge her debt to England. Underneath these courtesies there are memories of courage and loyalty which neither the Baroness nor the English soldiers are likely to forget.

Her home, near Hazebrouck, the lovely old chateau of La Motte aux Bois, was surrounded by German cavalry in the early days of the war, and threatened with demolition. It was saved by the British Army, and to the end of the war became a friend's house where hospitality and encouragement shone like a steady light in the darkest hours of the conflict.

Flowers of Goodness

Lord Allenby, who spoke at the luncheon, thinks he was the first English guest of that gracious lady, and he said that to the troops he commanded she was more than a hostess; she was almost a divinity. Her name spelt magic to many a weary heart. Within the circle of her friendship and charm the war was forgotten.

In 1916 General Sir Alexander Godley was ordered from Egypt to France, with Hazebrouck as his destination. He had been living in a sort of hole in a cliff, and when he heard the name of La Motte aux Bois he guessed that his new home would be a "mouldy" dug-out in a wood. Judge of his surprise when he was driven up to the chateau, and received by the most charming lady it had ever been his lot to meet! A great many such instances could be given.

Thus grew up some of the flowers of human goodness and love in the red soil of war. They are true Immortelles, these blossoms, and to thousands of men they will bloom for ever.

TWO CHURCHES, ONE SERVICE

St. Bartholomew's Church at Heigham, in Norfolk, has held a service with the aid of a loud speaker, the congregation assembling to the chimes of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, and listening to the service by wireless.

GREAT DISCOVERY A STEP IN MEDICAL HISTORY

Remarkable Work of a Doctor
and a Microscopist

THE PROBABLE CAUSE OF CANCER

A discovery has been made by a doctor and a microscopist which is described as an event in the history of medicine. The Lancet, the chief medical paper in the world, believes that the discovery represents "a solution of the central problem of cancer."

The doctor is Dr. W. E. Gye, working for the Medical Research Council; the microscopist is Mr. J. E. Barnard, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the most encouraging thing about the discovery is that the Medical Research Council, with a full knowledge of the weighty responsibility that lies on those who make public announcements about cancer, sanctions the publication of this.

Twenty Years of Research

No word is said, or can be said, about a cure for this disease. What is hoped for is that this new discovery may throw some light on its cause.

For twenty years medical research students all over the world have been seeking such a cause, and the search during the last few years has been prosecuted with increasing intensity. The seekers in England, in America, on the Continent, and in Japan, have collaborated, telling their results to one another. But, though it has often been shown that this or that was *not* the cause of cancer, none hitherto has discovered anything that might be. All attempts to find a germ have failed, so that it has been believed that a germ could not be the cause.

It is not sufficient to find a germ where disease occurs; it must be proved to be the germ causing the disease, and that can only be done by experiments showing that it will cause the disease, and does cause it.

Invisible Germ Photographed

As no germ could be discovered all these years the question seemed answered. But Mr. Barnard the microscopist has provided another answer. The germ will always be invisible to the eye. But there are rays of light (ultra-violet rays) too short to show themselves to the eye, but not too short to make their mark on a photograph. Mr. Barnard's ultra-violet microscope-camera photographs the invisible germ.

The next step was with Dr. Gye. How could it be made sure that these invisible germs were the cause of cancer? They were found in the form of cancer known as sarcoma, in chickens, but that did not prove their guilt. Would they, when removed from the sarcoma, cause it again in other animals?

A Decided Step Forward

The first answer was that they would not so produce it in healthy animals, but on further experiments it was found that if the animals were infected not only with the germ but with the surroundings (or part of them, or an extract of them) where it had flourished, then the sarcoma would arise in the healthy animal.

There is the scientific story, and it will be seen how very far science is from knowing the whole cause, while she dare not even whisper the word cure. Even if the cause proves to be well established, the cure may be many years distant.

Yet the discovery is a more decided step and a more promising one than has been taken for many years, and a very remarkable thing about it is the personality of the two men who have joined in it. Dr. Gye was 25 years ago a porter on a railway station in Derby-

PORTUGAL'S SLAVES IN AFRICA

A Thing That Must be
Stopped

AMERICAN REPORT TO THE LEAGUE

We like to think that slavery was abolished generations ago, but as a matter of fact it is constantly re-appearing in various disguises. The price of freedom is eternal watchfulness.

Some prominent Americans have sent two of their countrymen to the Portuguese colonies in East and West Africa and they have reported what they saw to the League of Nations.

When people owned slaves they at least looked after them as valuable property, but the Portuguese in Africa seize them, work them, and then get rid of them. Often they are never heard of again. Families are torn asunder; women and children are often taken as well as men. Women are seen working at the arduous task of road making, with babies tied to their backs.

A System Open to Abuse

Wages are supposed to be paid by planters, but the money seldom gets past the officials by whom the people have been collected. People working near home are supposed to feed themselves, but they cannot make roads and grow food at the same time, and masses of workers and their families are always bordering on starvation.

Where white settlers are in contact with Negroes living on their own land there is always a temptation to try to make them "do some useful work," generally useful mainly to the settlers. The Portuguese have a tax which every native must pay, and, having no money on their farms, they have to come and earn it. That is a system which, with many good points in its favour, is open to abuse in other places besides the Portuguese colonies, but public opinion is usually able to keep abuses in check. The League is the organ of world public opinion, and we hope it will be able to stop this scandal now that the facts are made known.

END OF JAMES WATT'S HOME

An Unhappy Disappearance

Heathfield Hall, where James Watt lived for the last twenty years of his life, is at last to be demolished.

It was hoped that it would be made into a museum, but the Birmingham Corporation, in whose territory it stands, has decided that it is not suitable, and that the alterations would cost too much.

Major Gibson Watt has already presented the relics of his famous ancestor to the South Kensington Museum, and now the fixtures and fittings at the hall have been sold by auction. So there, most unhappily, is an end of that.

Continued from the previous column

shire. He was the son of a poor man; his education was at a council school. But he had a little money left him, and he spent it in learning science and becoming a doctor. He served in the war, but after it immediately returned to his life of research.

His collaborator, Mr. J. E. Barnard, is no less remarkable. He, too, was born with one of those minds which will never be satisfied unless they are finding out things; and though he was a business man, with a hat-shop in Jermyn Street, all his leisure time, every moment he had, was spent in studying the microscope. He perfected the ultra-microscope with which he works, and the Royal Society, which is not lavish in its promotions, made him a Fellow in recognition of it.

THE RUNNERS FROM VERDUN

Carrying the Torch to
Paris

THE PLACE WHERE THE POPPIES WILL NOT GROW

One day recently a flaming torch was carried by relays of runners from the citadel of Verdun along the high road to the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

The flying torch commemorated the final repulse of the German attempt nine years ago to pass the hills and redoubts of the fortress of Verdun. Thousands of people stood by the wayside to cheer the runners on their journey through the night, and thousands more awaited their arrival by the Unknown Warrior's grave in the capital. It was a day of sacred festival, of tumultuous rejoicing at a danger that had been surmounted, and of a victory won. It was a living memorial of undaunted heroism and courageous endurance.

The race covered exactly 185 miles in 16 hours 40 minutes, and it ended with the placing of an armful of flowers on the Unknown Warrior's grave at the top of the Champs Élysées.

A Terrible Monument

Yet Verdun needed no such act to keep its memory alive. The thought of "the unreturning brave, the brave who will return no more" will never leave the hearts of the French people whose dead are buried there, and still today the hills about Verdun are one vast cemetery. The forts are crumbling masses of masonry, overgrown with weeds, and standing on their ruins one sees for miles nothing but a waste, with only the blackened skeletons of trees upon it. The poppies that cover the Flanders fields will not grow here; the ground is a tumbled sea of shell-holes and trenches on which nothing will grow but the coarse, pitying grass. It is a terrible monument to the folly and wickedness of the war.

A more gracious one will presently arise on it, for here is to arise a vaulted cloister to lie like a wall along Douaumont Ridge, and here will be laid the unknown dead. On the cloister will be built a tower with a light in it like a lighthouse, and the light will never go out. May it bring a message of comfort to the mothers and wives who come to pray here.

MRS. STRONG FROM ROME

Her Splendid Work

A splendid woman has been explaining to us that good things and the greatness of nations never die. She is Mrs. Arthur Strong, who has been assistant director in the British School at Rome, and the fine thing about her is that she thinks of Rome as never having died, and carrying on its good influences still.

We should not talk of the legacy of Rome, says Mrs. Strong; rather should we talk of the eternal life and help of Rome, for each generation hands on to the next living and strong forces of civilisation which Rome gave once, and thus still gives.

Mrs. Strong has brought a lifetime's knowledge to her study of Rome. She is probably a doctor of more universities and a fellow of more learned societies than any other woman in the world. She has written a book on Roman sculpture which is very valuable to students, and for the last fifteen years she has been working hard in the British School at Rome.

A company of distinguished and scholarly people met the other day to do honour to her, and to say there and then, while she is still with us, just what they think of the splendid services she has rendered to British scholarship.

THE TELEPHONE AT SEA

Talking from Ship to Ship
POST OFFICE IN THE WAY

Ships on the high seas are now having wireless telephone conversations with one another as easily as one London telephone subscriber talks to another.

Not long ago the C.N. explained how a man in a ship talked with a friend on shore, and the latest news is that wireless telephony at sea has been making enormous strides. Passengers in a German liner in mid-Atlantic have lately talked to people in another liner 150 miles away, the charge being only ten shillings for a conversation of eight minutes. Only a few weeks ago people in Berlin talked to a liner at sea.

This development of wireless is very important, and it is rather surprising to find that Britain is a long way behind Germany in this respect. An astonishing thing that happened lately was that the Post Office refused permission to the Cunard Company to construct a wireless telephone station at Liverpool in order to talk to its ships at sea.

Meanwhile German ships, using duplex receiving and sending sets and wavelengths of 1,400 or 1,800 metres, are obtaining excellent results.

GOODBYE TO THE REAM

The Paper Trade Does a
Good Thing

The decimal system has fought another battle and won it.

The Federation of Master Printers has decided to standardise the sizes of all kinds of cardboards and papers, and to give up our old friend the ream, which causes confusion because it does not contain a definite number of sheets.

The basis of measurement is now to be a thousand sheets, so that in future calculations can be made by decimals.

The paper trade expects that under the new system errors and waste will be considerably reduced.

THINGS SAID

Aviation is as safe as walking across Piccadilly Circus. *Sir Philip Sassoon, M.P.*

I represent that section of democracy which hungers and thirsts after spiritual peace and beauty.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

It is no use having a first-class brain if there is a second-class character behind it.

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks

England and Englishmen keep promises better than any other race.

An American banker

A clean pigsty is safer than a dirty palace.

Sir Henry Gauvain

The mistake many people make is to cease games when they leave school.

Sir Anthony Bowlby

In present-day conditions it is impossible for an English boy to learn the whole of a trade in a workshop.

Mr. James Graham

Trust a boy, put him on his honour, and he will repay you with trust and loyalty.

Headmaster of Workshop College

I do not think there has been before the British public for many years an artist more bountifully rewarded, more highly honoured, and distinctly favoured than myself.

Sir Ignace Paderewski

I earnestly hope that all who benefit by the use of Ken Wood Park will do their best to assist the authorities in their endeavours to protect it from the unsightly litter which, alas, in so many cases disfigures our parks and other places to which the public resort for recreation and amusement.

The King

August 1, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

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A HILLTOP IN SAMOA

Children at the Grave of R.L.S.

SOLDIER'S WAY OF DEALING WITH VANDALS

C.N. readers will be glad to have news from the hilltop in Samoa where Robert Louis Stevenson sleeps. School-girls from a convent, with members of the family of Mrs. Stevenson's native servant, have been decorating the grave, and they tell us how carefully the Government tends the spot.

The climb up the mountain is much less difficult than formerly, as the way has been smoothed. There are three resting-places, provided with comfortable seats, and the path has been kept free from weeds and stones. Around the tomb a clearing has been made, so that visitors can look out over the harbour and the little town of Vailima nestling at the foot of the hill. Not a scratch is now to be seen on the tomb, for the Administrator has threatened the severest penalties to anyone who desecrates it.

Catching the World's Imagination

The names that vulgar visitors had scratched on the tomb have now all been blotted out, and we rejoice to hear of the spirit in which the Administrator, Major-General Richardson, is dealing with such a desecration. Not only has he given notice that anyone defacing the tomb will be fined £5, but he has ordered that the offender shall be taken up the mountain under police escort and compelled to wash the tomb and put it in good order.

All that is admirable. We are afraid, however, that the poet's famous lines, "Under the wide and starry sky," are still misquoted on the tomb, a very unhappy fact which should surely be put right by those who honour the memory of R.L.S.

Somehow this tomb on a South Sea hilltop has caught the imagination of the world, and it is hard to believe a lovelier spot exists anywhere. It is a place of pilgrimage for the Samoans, among whom the memory of R.L.S. himself is still green. *Pictures on page 7*

PROGRESSIVE ICELAND

How the New Constitution Works

WHERE WOMEN HAVE EQUAL RIGHTS WITH MEN

It is only seven years since a treaty between Denmark and its chief dependency, Iceland, created a new constitution for this country, making men and women politically equal, and giving the vote to women at the age of twenty-five.

Today, there is not a single office or position in Iceland which is not open to women. Even the Church has thrown wide its doors, although as yet no woman has sought to become a minister. Nor are there any women lawyers. But there are more women than men teachers, there are women doctors, and the Parliament now includes women in both houses, the first woman M.P. being Mrs. Ingebjörg Bjarnason, headmistress at the fine National Girls' College at Reykjavik for nearly twenty years.

People in England are apt to think of Iceland as something like an Eskimo State, instead of a very well-ordered, well-conducted, clean, and modern country, inhabited by people very much like ourselves. The population is under a hundred thousand, and the capital, Reykjavik, is hardly likely ever to become as big as London, or even Copenhagen, though it has a bishop.

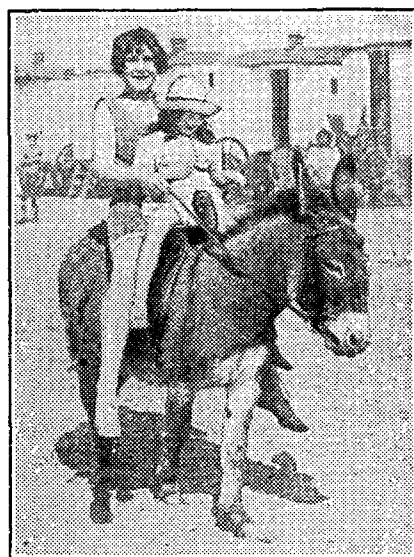
The people of the island are hardy farmers and fisherfolk, of Norwegian and Danish stock, as the Irish and Scots who first settled there a thousand years ago, did not remain.

Altogether, Iceland is one of the best educated and happiest States in the world today.

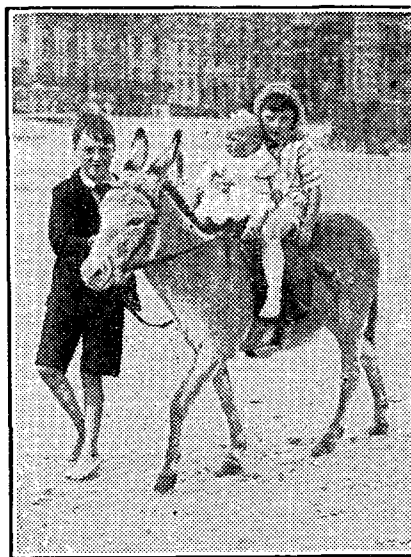
HURRAH FOR THE HOLIDAYS!



The little shrimpers admire their catch



A ride on the beach at Colwyn Bay



Going home to lunch in the Isle of Man



An easy way of learning to paddle



Bathing in the surf at Southend-on-Sea



Digging on the sands at Birchington, Kent

School is over and boys and girls all over the country have gone off to the country or the seaside for a well-earned holiday. Here we see some of the jolly ways in which the time is spent by the sea

WITCH BURNING IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

KENYA TRIES TO STOP IT

Bad Old Days in England and Scotland

LONDON'S WITCH-FINDER

It would be a terrible shock to most of us to learn that witches are still burned in the British Empire.

The Kenya Legislature has just drawn up an Anti-Witchcraft Bill, which has become necessary by the fact that the laughing women of this colony are still liable to all the terrors to which friendless old women were subjected in England two or three centuries ago.

It is a very drastic and important step that is being taken in Kenya, and will, no doubt, be greatly opposed by the older type of native who still believes in spells and witchcraft, and especially by the witch doctors, who earn a good living by selling charms and wielding great influence by reason of their supposed supernatural powers in detecting witches.

Ending a Bad Business

Not very long ago in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, a poor native woman was burned on a charcoal fire by railway workers who accused her of casting a spell on a little child. The woman was rescued before she was dead, but she died in the hospital, and several of her tormentors were convicted of murder and hanged.

The new bill will make it a punishable offence for any person to pretend to exercise any kind of supernatural power calculated to cause fear or cruelty to another. This, if properly enforced, will put an end to the business of the witch doctor, and will make life easier for the women of Kenya.

It was as recently as 1895 that a poor Irish woman, Bridget Cleary, was burned as a witch by a number of men at Ballyvaden, in County Tipperary.

The Ducking of Witches

In England the ducking of witches and wizards continued up till 1857, in which year the vicar of Easthorpe, in Essex, had to mount guard all night outside the cottage of a helpless old woman who was threatened.

The last witch burned officially in Scotland suffered at Dornoch in the year 1722, only 200 years ago; and less than a century before that there was an official witch-finder in England who lived near London, and was responsible for over a hundred deaths.

On one occasion 26 Essex witches were burned in a batch at his instigation. It is not surprising that he found witches so easily, seeing that he received twenty shillings with expenses for his search in every town he visited. After being official witch-finder for three years he was himself accused of witchcraft and hanged.

Appalling as it seems, it is not surprising, perhaps, that witchcraft should still linger in Africa.

LITTLE AND GOOD

Another Small Boat for Labrador

The deep-sea fishermen of Newfoundland and Labrador have a fine new mission ship to take the place of the Strathcona, which was lost at sea two years ago.

The Strathcona II is the first ship of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen to be equipped with a wireless transmitter. She will look after the health of the fishermen on the lonely coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, and will carry patients and stores to the hospital stations.

Yet, with all her usefulness, she is only 85 feet long, one of the smallest ships that has ever crossed the Atlantic.

SPLENDID WILLIAM TYNDALE

AND WHAT HE DID FOR ALL OF US

The Lovely Bible He Gave Us
Four Hundred Years Ago

A BOOK THAT WILL NEVER DIE

Four centuries ago this summer William Tyndale printed on the Continent his English translation of the New Testament.

The English Bible owes more to him than to any other man, for he it was who changed its books from the original languages into the finest of all our fine examples of English speech.

To do this noble work William Tyndale lived, and for it he died. His life shows by what a rough and thorny road the pioneers of truth and goodness have had to travel.

One Pathway to the Kingdom

He knew right well the way he went. Years before he was strangled at the martyr's stake he wrote, "There is none other way into the Kingdom of Life than through persecution and suffering of pain, and of very death after the example of Christ." We do not see this now, in these easy times, but it was sober truth to Tyndale in the sixteenth century.

He came of what we should now call a good middle-class Gloucestershire family. Delight in learning was prevalent when he was young, and he sought it diligently. His great hope was that knowledge of the Scriptures should be brought within the reach of every man. Turning upon an opponent, he said: "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than thou dost." He saw that what was needed was that the Bible should be translated into plain English, and he made that task his own.

City Merchant's Kindly Help

Tunstall, Bishop of London, was a learned man, and Tyndale went to see him, but the bishop advised him to busy himself with something else. But Tyndale went on undaunted, and boldly preached about the need for men to read the Bible in a language they could understand. One such sermon, preached in Fleet Street, attracted the attention of a cloth merchant named Humphry Monmouth, who took Tyndale into his house, and, when it became clear that neither in London nor in England would a man have peace to put the Scriptures into English, gave him the means to cross to Hamburg and there do the work his native land forbade.

Tyndale was a great worker. Within about a year he had translated the New Testament and it was printed, but the Archbishop of Canterbury determined that no New Testament in English should come into England. Not only did the ecclesiastics try to stop the entry of the books at the seaports, and collect and burn any that were smuggled in, but they arranged to buy them from the printers on the Continent and then burn them. None the less, Tyndale's translation was circulated, and could not be wholly suppressed.

Tyndale's Last Words

Why did these Christian prelates denounce the circulation of the Scriptures that preserved the words of Christ? The reason was they believed it was the business of the Church to interpret the words and teachings of Christ, and that individual men should not read and understand those words for themselves. They held that the Church was the great authority for the Christian faith; and they saw that the reading of the Bible by everybody led many men to believe

THE SUDDEN FLOCK OF BIRDS

Odd Sight Outside a School

A schoolmaster in Welwyn Garden City sends us this interesting note.

I read to my class the other day the very interesting account in the C.N. of how the swallows, returning to their old nesting-place in the barn of a Yorkshire farm and finding the barn doors locked, flew round and round until their behaviour attracted the farmer's wife, who opened the doors for them.

This morning we had an unusual experience. The grass outside the school had grown very long, perhaps almost a yard high, and was being cut with the reaper. The machine had not gone round the field more than once when a flock of birds, mostly swallows and swifts, appeared as if by magic. They darted just above the heads of the two workmen all the time they were cutting. Soon there would be more than a hundred in the flock.

When the workmen left and the grass lay flat, the birds skimmed lower and lower, for about half an hour, and then separated in twos and threes.

The explanation of their behaviour lies, we imagine, in the fact that the grass was full of many kinds of insects which rose into the air as the grass was cut. How the birds discovered this, and how they spread the good news, seems to be a mystery.

THE C.P.

C.N.'s Picture Companion

More and more readers of the C.N. are finding out that its weekly picture companion is the brightest picture paper they know.

The Children's Pictorial every week tells in pictures the story of what is happening in Mother Nature's kingdom at home in the British Isles; and each week a trip is taken through some foreign land. Natural and mechanical wonders are explained in a way both clear and interesting, and there are working toys that readers can make up for themselves.

WEMBLEY'S LION

Really Alive

It struck someone the other day that, as unkind things had been said about the Wembley lion design, the Exhibition should have a real lion for an emblem.

Everyone thought it an excellent idea, and the authorities promptly set to work to get a lion. Strange to say, they had a difficult task to discover a suitable one, but at last a young lion with the necessary qualifications was found in a private menagerie. It has a home in the centre of the Exhibition.

Continued from the previous column

that the Bible and not the Church was the great Authority.

In the end, Tyndale's enemies were too powerful for him, even though he had powerful friends, and at last Tyndale was treacherously trapped by a false friend, captured, tried, condemned, and martyred, in the prime of his great powers, at the age of 44.

Though Tyndale had not found a place in England where he could use his gifts as his conscience dictated, and had lived twelve years abroad, his last thoughts were of his country, and his last words were the prayer, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

That is the man who, 400 years ago, translated the New Testament from its original languages into English in such lovely words that his version, though altered a little here and there by wider knowledge, has never been superseded, and never will be.

THE TWO PORTERS

HOW ONE OF THEM LEARNED LATIN

Their Humble But Helpful Services to Science

TWO MUCH CROCODILE

There has passed from the service of the Zoo, by the death of Edward Ockenden, a man well known to scientists, though the public had never heard of him.

During the last few years of his half-century's service he was head keeper of the animals and assistant to the superintendent, but for a generation he had been engaged as skilled assistant in the operating theatre of the Zoo.

He was taken for the work from a humble position as porter at a hospital, but it was found that his technical knowledge was discounted by his bad writing and his hopeless pronunciation of Latin names.

Ockenden's Daily Lessons

His chief must have been something of a character and Ockenden must have been a good-natured, humble-hearted pupil, for the novice's training consisted of daily lessons in writing till he became master of a fine round-hand, which is much esteemed in the Zoo's scientific records today. His Latin he learned by standing on a bench for an hour a day, and repeating aloud all the Latin names from the list of backbone creatures in the official catalogue.

In his lowly capacity he gradually became an expert, attained a great mastery over the preparation of bodies and parts of bodies, and so was of great assistance to many doctors. Perhaps some of the most wonderful surgical operations by which life and health are preserved were helped to success by the cooperation of this good old man at the Zoo.

His career recalls a figure who was for long famous at Oxford University. This was William—no one ever knew his other name—William, the little weazened old porter who lived in the anatomy school at Christ Church, and dwelt amid the skeletons, of which he was the guardian and janitor.

Crocodile Steak for Supper

He was a quaintly dressed little figure, wearing the clothes of an earlier age—knee breeches and gaiters and an old-fashioned broad-tailed black coat, and on his head was a little ancient wig. Dean Buckland was Canon of Christ Church at the time, and as he was passionately interested in every phase of natural history, he and Old Will came much in contact.

One night the Dean turned up at the College with two crocodiles; and, one of the pair expiring unexpectedly, the Dean, ever anxious to try the possibilities of a new food, determined, with his friend Professor Kidd, to try a snack of crocodile steak for supper.

Old Will stood by hungrily eyeing the reptile as it was dissected and reduced to steaks, but he said nothing. The two experts went off with their morsel, had it cooked, and declared it excellent.

Old Will's Painful Experiment

In the middle of the night there was a furious ringing at the Dean's bell, and a messenger declared that old William was dying.

Question after question was fired at the suffering man.

"Oh, that crocodile! oh, that crocodile!" was all he could answer.

That was a sufficient clue, however, and steps were immediately taken which cured him of his crocodile. When he was better Old Will confessed that it had seemed that what was good for the two great men must be good for him also.

He had tried some, found it very pleasant, and decided to save butcher's meat. He had eaten enough to serve five hearty men!

THE SKULL FROM BECHUANALAND

MAN OR APE?

The World's Chief Authority
Declares Against It

NOT AN ANCESTOR

Most of us go to Wembley, but not many of our visits call for the same notice as the visit of Sir Arthur Keith, who went not long ago to see the copy of the Taungs skull found in Bechuanaland. Sir Arthur cannot recognise it as an ancestor.

This means that this fossil skull, which Professor Dart of Johannesburg University discovered and described as that of a creature which was not an anthropoid ape, like a gorilla or a chimpanzee, but something between them and a human being, is probably nothing more than an ape. Sir Arthur Keith is the greatest authority living on the history of man.

Not the Missing Link

If it had really been an ape-man the discovery of this skull would have been the most wonderful that has yet been made, more wonderful than the skull of the *ape-like* man found by Dr. Dubois in Java thirty years ago, and named by him *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, for that was a man creature who merely resembled an ape in some ways, whereas the Taungs skull would have represented something farther back in human ancestry, when an ape was still an ape but was becoming human. It would have been a veritable missing link.

Sir Arthur Keith denies that this is so for several reasons. The simplest of these reasons is the creature's place in the scale of time. The skull was found in the strata of the late Pleistocene period, when man already walked the world. It may be no older than the man's skull which was found at Broken Hill in Rhodesia. Probably the two were contemporaries. How, then, could the Taungs skull creature be the ancestor of man?

Sir Arthur Keith's Opinion

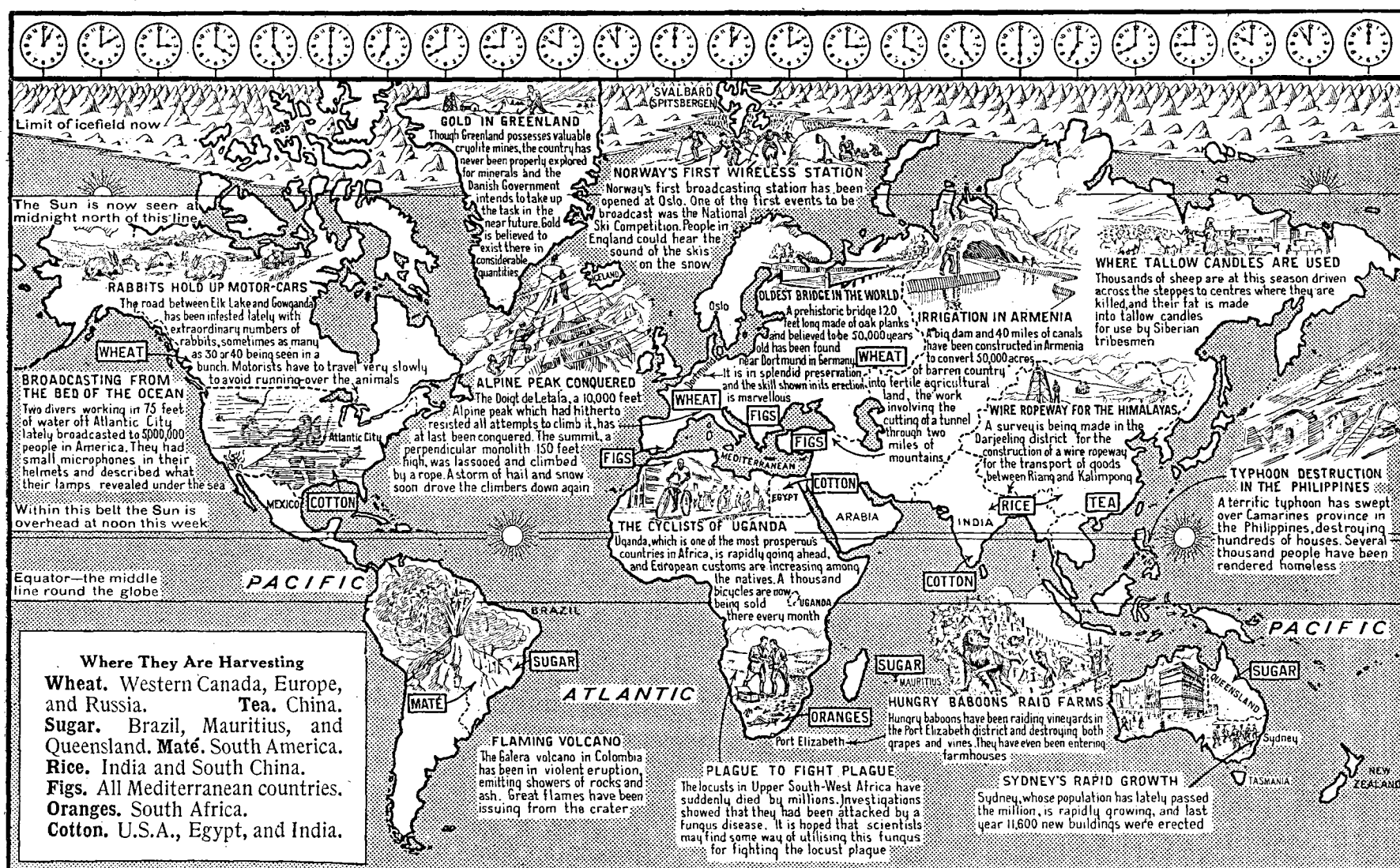
In the second place the skull is so extremely like that of a young anthropoid ape, about four to six years old, that Dr. Keith has no hesitation in placing it as a member of the gorilla-chimpanzee group. It is true that in its jaws and face it is more refined than young gorillas and chimpanzees as we know them today, but are there not similar differences in appearance and refinement in the types of living men, such as between the Hottentot and the Asiatic, the Australian Black and the Red Indian, the Eskimo and the Arab? All that Sir Arthur will grant to the Taungs skull at most is that it may represent a different genus in the gorilla-chimpanzee group.

Importance of Taungs Skull

Who shall decide when anthropologists disagree? The Taungs skull has only been about six months before the world of scientific inquiry. We have still to hear what Professor Dart has to reply to his famous critic. Whatever the result may be, that critic himself agrees that the Taungs skull is one of great importance.

Professor Dart's discovery of it shows that the gorilla-chimpanzee group in those past geological ages extended right down into South Africa, where no anthropoid ape could gain a livelihood today. Moreover, this extinct relative of theirs was one which had more man-like features than they have. But the skull, while throwing light on their ancestry, tells us nothing more than we knew about the ancestry of man.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SETTLED AT LAST France and Germany End a Dispute

At last France and Germany have signed a trade agreement. It is only a little one, but it is a beginning.

Under the Peace Treaty Germany was compelled for five years to let in the goods of the Allies on terms as favourable as those of any other country, and to let in the goods of Alsace-Lorraine and the Saar Valley free. That obligation ended in January 1924, and since last autumn France and Germany have been arguing about what arrangement was to follow.

The new agreement is about the Saar. So many tons a month of the manufactures of the Saar are to be admitted into Germany free and so many tons of raw material and foodstuffs are to go into the Saar from Germany at the lowest French tariff.

ONE MICROBE EATS ANOTHER Clearing an Orchard of Pests

A special fungus has been grown in Canada to destroy the destructive apple sucker, which ruins the fruit.

This apple fungus, very similar to a microbe, has been found to rid orchards of the apple sucker within a fortnight. Over 15 million pounds' worth of crops have been saved in Canada in five years by scientifically dealing with the insect pests and other destructive organisms which attack cotton plants, grain, fruit, and timber.

A very destructive insect pest known as the corn-bore has also been fought with another parasite, which has been let loose in colonies of thousands.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aurelius	Aw-re-le-us
Omicron	O-mi-kron
Reykjavik	Ray-kyah-vik
Sagittarius	Saj-it-tay-re-us

OLD COINS Their Wonderful Accuracy

The wonderful accuracy of the mint at ancient Athens has been revealed by Professor Flinders Petrie, who has made a chemical analysis of some coins belonging to the eighth century.

These Athenian coins all weighed the same within half a grain, and four out of every five would have passed the standard of our Mint today! Scales and weights must have been used of quite modern accuracy, but, as Professor Petrie points out, prehistoric weights have been found in Egypt dating back to 8000 B.C.

A QUEER SIGHT Trying to Disinfect the Sea

A wonderful sight is to be seen every day in the Bay of San Sebastian; it is a ship disinfecting the sea.

In many Spanish towns something of a mania for disinfection has arisen, and, thinking they can keep the bay fresh and pure for bathers, the authorities of San Sebastian are sending out this vessel, which is to be seen sweeping the bay and leaving a red trail of permanganate of potash in its wake! It is a quaint idea, and can be of very little real use.

PROHIBITION Three Immense Gains

A close student of Prohibition in America has been summing up the great advantages attaching to it.

Three of them that every man can see are the disappearance of the saloon, the multiplying by four of the people's savings (which are now ten times those of the rest of the world), and the destruction of the political power of Drink.

The Prohibition law, says this critic, is not everywhere obeyed; but it is as well obeyed as the Ten Commandments.

FLYING TO BE SAFER An Inventor's Clever Device

A French inventor has the idea of a clever device for automatically extinguishing fires that might break out in the engine of an aeroplane.

Were a fire to break out 'unknown to the pilot, the increased heat would instantly cause the flow of petrol to stop, and jets of powerful fire-extinguishing chemicals to play on the motor.

Preliminary experiments have been satisfactory, and if it succeeds this invention should mean another great step towards making flying safer.

PHOTOGRAPHING INSECTS A New Way

A new method of learning a great deal about the structure of tiny insects was described the other day at the International Congress of Photography in Paris. It has revealed things about the life of insects never before known to science. Mounted on a thin sheet of mica, the insect is exposed to the X-rays under a powerful microscope, and a photograph is taken. Although the eye can see nothing, the photograph shows the most exquisite details of the organs and the minute structure of the insects.

BACK RECKONING A Labourer's Little Windfall

An Epping farm labourer has had an unexpected windfall.

Thinking he was under 21, his employer paid him only 18s. a week. As the legal minimum wage for the district under the Act passed last year is 32s. 7½d., and the man is of age, the magistrates have fined the farmer handsomely, and ordered him to pay up the difference. The labourer has thus had a windfall of about £12. This is the first prosecution under the Act.

HOW TO KEEP THE PRISONS EMPTY Countries Meet to Talk it Over

No one knows better how little good it is to put people in prison than the people who run the prisons. The difficulty is to know what else to do with our criminals.

An International Prison Congress is just assembling to consider the matter, but it is also considering another question which wise people think even more important—how to stop making criminals go to prison.

Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, the president, says it is no good trying to deal with grown-up people who have been neglected in their youth. When they come to be locked up it is too late. The criminal problem begins with the child. Prevention is not only better than cure, but immensely easier. Look after the child, and the man will look after himself.

So the experts from twenty or thirty countries are coming together to discuss how to guide young criminals away from the prison gate. It is a difficult task, but could any be better worth while?

THE BACKYARD HEN How it Beats the World

What sort of a hen-run have the hens that lay the largest number of eggs in the world? Some lovely, healthy country place? No; they live in the backyards of fifty working men in Bethnal Green.

The London County Council has one of its six institutes for men at Bethnal Green, and here experts in poultry rearing give lectures every night. The members of the poultry club of the institute carry out their advice so effectively with the few hens each has in his backyard that they produce among them 70,000 eggs a year, an average of 180 for each bird.

In Denmark, that great egg-producing country, the average is only 90.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 1 1925

William Does His Bit

EVERY Friday evening at the big stations people are going away. The doors are slammed, the whistle goes, and the long train full of happy people glides out.

However old we grow we never get over the holiday feeling and that wonderful moment when the train begins to move; but we should never feel half so jolly if there were not someone to see us off.

Someone else felt like that, Rupert Brooke, the poet who ought never to have died in the War. He told, in a letter to a friend, a story about himself when he was once setting sail for America.

He was alone in Liverpool, and suddenly felt forlorn. He wanted somebody to wave Goodbye to him, and there was not a soul in the vast multitude that he knew.

Suddenly Rupert smiled. An inspiration came to him. He looked about and found a boy who seemed to have nothing particular to do except watch the fascinating spectacle of a great ocean liner leaving her berth. The poet went up to him.

"I say," says Rupert, "what's your name?"

"William," answered the boy, who was rather astonished, but could not help answering that delightful smile.

"Well, look here, William, I'm going away in that boat, and there's nobody to wave me Goodbye. If I give you sixpence will you wave to me?"

"I will," said William, more astonished than ever. "I'll wave as hard as I can."

Rupert laughed, and walked away. Presently the keen eyes of William spied him, leaning over the rail. Friends were being ordered off; the last bell clanged. There was a deafening noise of goodbyes and last messages.

Rupert, laughing, waved to his new friend, and William, staring up, never losing sight of that sensitive and delicate face, waved a handkerchief hard, and shouted Goodbye at the top of his voice.

It is now many years since that day, and William must be a grown-up man. Perhaps he has forgotten the incident. If he still remembers it and should read this we should like to hear from him. It must be a precious thing for him to recall—that incident of friendship with the high-hearted young poet who wrote, when War broke out, more than one sonnet which will never be forgotten, including that loveliest of all:

If I should die, think only this of me . . .

There are many people who still cannot believe that Rupert Brooke is dead; he has gone away like King Arthur, to some island valley of Avilion, a holiday place for kings and poets; and one day will return.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Good and Faithful Servant

One of our London readers, Mr. Henry Baskett, sends us this note, very good to read in these days.

I NOTICE your paragraph about men of sixty working for a living. I am still working at 86, and write this without glasses. My work is window-ticket writing, and I started in 1850 and have been constantly employed ever since, though nowadays I do not get enough work to do.

Wordsworth's Silk Stockings

It is a pity Wordsworth is not alive.

We should all enjoy his poetry, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would enjoy the tax on his silk stockings.

For Wordsworth *did* wear silk stockings, as we are reminded by a little peep into Lord Morley's Life of Gladstone.

Wordsworth used occasionally to dine with me (said Mr. Gladstone) when I lived in the Albany. He used, on leaving, to change his silk stockings in the ante-room and put on grey worsted.

An odd glimpse, surely, from a room in an old house which still stands in Piccadilly.

Still Some Kindness Left

MOST people who drive cars frankly say that anything small that gets in their way must look out for itself. A man driving in Surrey the other day set them a beautiful example.

He was running a huge van on a country road. Suddenly a thrush flew out of the hedge, and, bewildered by the sweeping mass of the huge vehicle, lost its bearings, fluttered down to the road, and was stunned.

The driver stopped his van and picked up the poor, terrified little bird and wondered what to do. A runnel of water gurgled by in the hedge bottom, and he thought that perhaps the thrush might like its head bathed. He bathed it gently and tenderly. Then, tearing up some handfuls of grass he made a comfortable little place for the bird by his side in the driver's seat, and went on his way, leaving at least one observer thinking that, after all, there is still a lot of kindness left in the world.

A Queer Story

This rather queer story comes into our postbag from a correspondent in Hungary.

THE chief health officer of our city, (who, by the way, is a subscriber to the C.N., and whose word is above being questioned) told me the following story:

Once in the poor Jewish quarters of the city he had occasion to ask a man what his wife's name was, and the man replied that he did not know. He was so accustomed to address his wife by a name of his own that he had forgotten what her real name was!

The Blind P.M.G.

THERE has been some question about the opening of letters passing through the post, and we are reminded of a story of other days, when questions were asked in the House of Commons on the power of the Government to intercept correspondence. It was in the days of Mr. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, and some M.P. is reported to have asked: *What is the good of our having a blind man at the Post Office if he opens our letters?*

Tip-Cat

THERE is talk of doing something for agriculture, and the British farmer is all ears. Anyhow, his wheat is.

WE are, according to an M.P., on the verge of a great era of peace. Before long Parliament will have risen.

NOTHING can make a plain man handsome. But there is no reason why he should not be better than he looks.

"WE must talk less," says Trotsky. We hope he will take his advice.

THE Chief Constable of Brighton complains that rough people go there.

Still, he must take the rough with the smooth.

A GEOLOGIST claims that the Earth is hollow. He must have inside information.

OUR railways are said to be in a state of growing unrest. Have the sleepers awakened?

ENGLAND is now having "debt talks" with France. Sometimes money talks, and when there isn't any it's all talk.

A NEW sanctuary has been established for birds. What we want is a sanctuary for taxpayers.

AMERICA has four times as many motors as the rest of the world. Our botanical correspondent calls it a carnation.

FISH-HOOKS have been found in the ruins of Kish. Now we can understand some of the fish stories.

It is cruel, we are told, to keep dogs in London. The proper place for them is, of course, Berkshire.

'Twas Ever Thus

WE have just been reading this passage with great interest:

England, on the verge of ruin, requires the care of all, but when that all is divided and contending for power, then it is that the foundation shakes. Alas! poor England! Heaven knows, but we may yet live to mourn over its grave.

It is not a passage from yesterday's paper; it was written by Nelson's friend Collingwood a few years after Trafalgar.

A Tragedy of Midsummer Night

THERE are always little dramas and tragedies going on in field and lane and for the most part they are hidden, partly because we are too busy to see them and partly because it is the instinct of Nature to hide her wounds.

It happened that on Midsummer Night a friend and correspondent of the C.N. chose to take a walk of many miles along the Icknield Way, a green track which from time immemorial has run along the base of the escarpment of the Chiltern Hills. The way was hedged with wild roses of great size and in great masses, and of a sweetness indescribable.

At a certain part the naked chalk downs rise up from the Icknield Way, yellow and purple and grey with a carpet of little heath flowers. A peewit rose crying over the bare stretch where the sloping Sun's light fell in long dusky lines. Again and again came the bird's wail. It seemed to be a little different from the peewit's usual wheeling cry, which generally seems to explain to you that the beloved nest is not there by that hummock—oh dear me, no.

The walker passed on, and the bird and the cry faded away in the wide air.

A Cry of Distress

Hours later, returning in the jealous dusk of the Midsummer Day, when evening seems to refuse to give place to the night, the wanderer suddenly heard again that same cry and stood to listen.

Something was wrong with the poor peewit. She could not be seen, much less comforted. It was a cry that touched one's heart.

The wanderer walked slowly on. A little farther, her foot striking a spreading beech root that sprawled across the way, she looked down and saw, by chance, near the root, a bird lying. *It was a peewit, shot through the heart.*

The wanderer turned the bird over and over and then, almost in tears, buried it, to the tune of the wailing cry that ceased not in the growing dark from that wide place where a nest was lonely and cold.

We hope this story may fall into the hands of any boy who goes out with a gun to amuse himself.

I Stood Beneath a Tree One Day

I STOOD beneath a tree one day. With grass up to my knees, And, with my hand above a spray Of blossom, watched the bees.

THEY dipped into the honey-wells And then with honey-store They filled up all the Queer Bee's cells, And went in search of more.

I STOOD with grass up to my knees, And felt the blossom's kiss But, unlike all those busy bees, I can but give you this.

ESTELLE BOUGHTON

August 1, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

7

BITS OF ABRAHAM'S CITY

FRAGMENTS OF UR COME TO LONDON

A New Collection in the British Museum

MY LADY'S HOUSE

From time to time the C.N. has been noting the work of excavators sent out by the British Museum and the Pennsylvania University Museum to Ur of the Chaldees, in Mesopotamia.

Major Leonard Woolley is in charge of the expedition, and is soon going back. In the meantime he has arranged for a number of objects found at and near the site of Ur to be shown in the Assyrian hall of the British Museum.

At first sight the exhibits seem rather unattractive; but if we go to the photographs on the upright stands and get an idea of the places where the bits of stone were found we discover that it is rather exciting. These queer men, moving so stiffly, in outward appearance are very much like the Chaldeans who lived about 25 centuries before Jesus.

My Lady, Her Beloved House

The carvings are not so clear as they might be; but if one of the lions in Trafalgar Square was buried in the earth for three or four thousand years and then dug up in pieces he would appear to the curious eyes of another civilisation very much as these reliefs appear to us of the twentieth century.

Standing on pedestals are some queer-looking pieces of stone, with chiselled inscriptions that have been picked out with white paint to make them look clearer. They are most interesting remnants of architecture of old Chaldea. One of the inscriptions sets our imagination going, and we smile with pleasure as we read it. It is chiselled on a door-socket of a house built by Ur Engur, who reigned from about 2300 to 2282 B.C. This is what he caused to be written:

To Innina, the great lady, his lady, Ur Engur the mighty hero, King of Ur, King of Sumer and Akkad, has built Esh-Bur her beloved house.

The Child of Time

Inscriptions like these were not all. Even in the childhood of the world men looked ahead to changes, and in their inscriptions they invoked the anger of the gods on those who might bring their work to naught.

We remember that even mighty kings are but creatures of a day when we read this carving on a gate post:

This gate, may it stand for ever. Whoever shall cover up this inscription or move it from its place let Nanna and Ningal the great gods who protect me, destroy his name.

Nanna and Ningal were the god and goddess of the Moon. How many times has the Moon shone over the place between the two rivers since that inscription was carved in ancient Ur? Men dreamed that she had power, but she was only the child of Time, and Time has covered up that inscription and buried its memories and let it be moved from its place. And we, other little creatures of a day, have dug it up again.

The Beautiful Lady's Beads

More and more thrilled, we go from stone to stone in this group of things of so ancient a day, and we stop by the cases where a great many little objects are laid out. Over these we could pore for hours together.

Those men of old had very ordered minds, and they kept their accounts well, and treasured their receipts much longer than the seven years which English law demands today. Here are little square bits of clay with funny signs on them. They would be lovely

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

According to the latest census, Berlin's population is now only a few short of four millions.

Popular Cricket

There is not enough room at Lord's cricket ground, so the M.C.C. is to provide another 2500 seats.

California's Earthquake Menace

In less than 40 years of last century nearly 800 earthquakes were recorded in California, where the town of Santa Barbara has just been wrecked.

First Aid for a Sparrow

A motor-car having struck and injured a sparrow, the bird was taken to Hampstead police station, where an officer rendered first aid.

30 Million Bees

At the Dutch town of Veenendaal, probably the biggest bee market in the world, 1586 swarms, with about 30 million insects, have been sold in one week.

One-sixth of Canada's production of electrical energy is exported to the United States.

900 Treaties

Nearly 900 international treaties have been registered with the League of Nations since the beginning of 1920.

Huge Canadian Harvest

Canada's wheat crop this year is expected to be the biggest in her history, and to exceed even the 400 million bushels harvested in 1915.

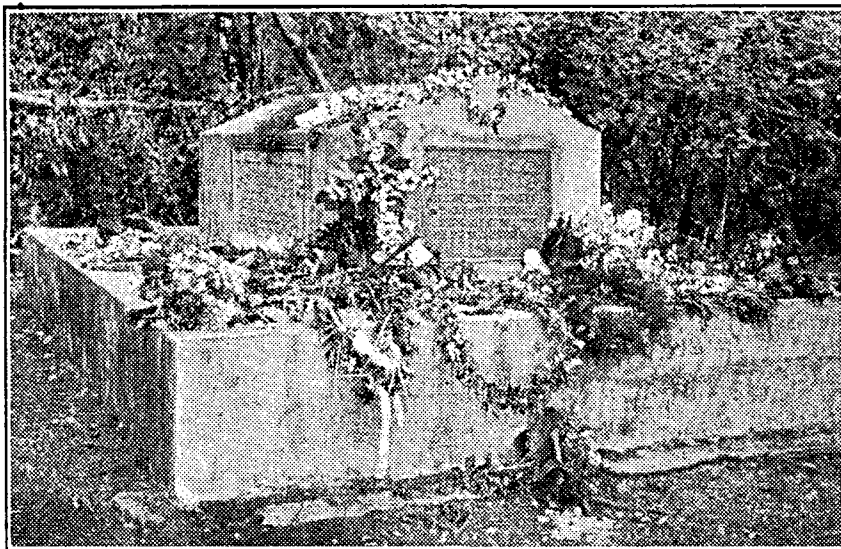
Glasgow Disaster

Besides destroying the great Kelvin Hall and Kelvingrove United Free Church, the great fire at Glasgow has damaged 200 houses.

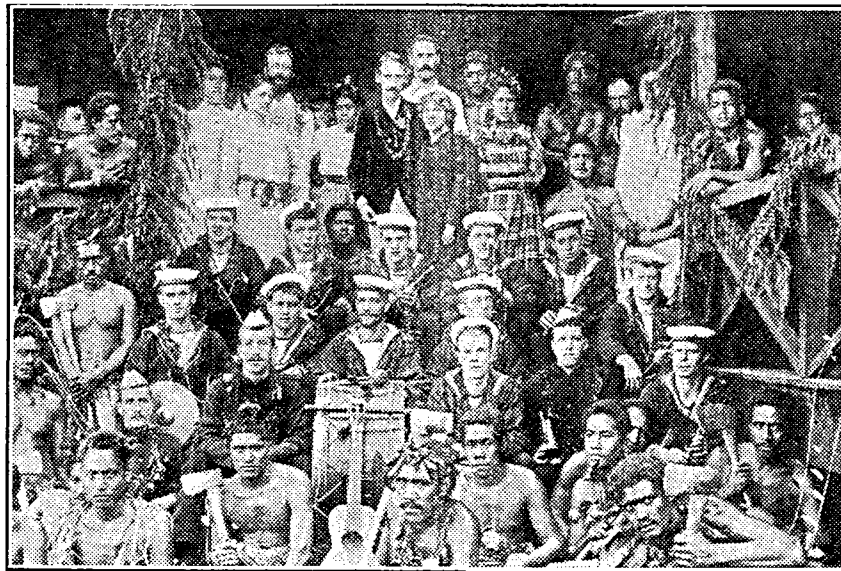
Giant Dock's Cruise

The biggest floating dock in the world, 700 feet long and 170 feet broad, has been safely berthed at Malta after having been towed from Sheerness.

ON A HILLTOP IN SAMOA



The tomb on the hill-top decorated with flowers



An old photograph showing Stevenson and his wife surrounded by friends

The Government authorities in Samoa are taking very great care of Robert Louis Stevenson's grave, which is shown in the upper picture decorated by those who love his memory. The lower picture is from a photograph taken of the writer and his wife with their Samoan servants, and a band from a British warship which happened to be visiting the island when the picture was taken. See page 3

things to play with. One is a receipt for 35 sheep skins, another for hides, another for skins of sheep fed on grass, another for cloth.

The most fascinating of all are the tiny amulets—little ducks, frogs, and wee lions. There is a seal stamp of an eagle five thousand years old. It is very clear and beautiful, and is just the sort of eagle a child would draw on the margin of a copy book.

Then there are the lovely old beads which many a beautiful lady wore in her beloved house so long ago. She grew old and died at Ur; and her laughter and her love died with her. Ur became but a name; Babylon sank into heaps of dust; Greece and Rome rose and fell; and here, treasured inside a great hall at the other end of the world, are her

beads. May it have pleased the sky gods to let you die happy, beautiful lady, in your beloved house.

A USEFUL PALM
Fuel Where Petrol is Scarce

A special plant has been erected in the State of North Borneo to distil alcohol from the sap of the nipa palm. Nine hundred million gallons of sap can be collected each season, and this will give 60 million gallons of motor fuel.

Imported petrol is very scarce and expensive in the Far East, and all kinds of sources of home-made motor spirit are being tried. There are 500 square miles of nipa palm growing in North Borneo.

GUESTS OF THE DERVISHES

QUEER ENTERTAINMENT

Travellers Call at a Turkish Monastery

WHAT A C.N. READER SAW

It is sometimes said that Dervishes are opposed to all European civilisation, but some twenty English and American travellers were most hospitably received the other day by a group of Dervishes in the outskirts of Constantinople. One of the travellers sends us these notes.

Entering the monastery we were conducted into a large, well-furnished private room with a door leading into their mosque. The muezzin was just calling to prayer. After prayer the doors were opened and the service began.

Usually these services are held in the evening, but for our benefit the Dervishes had arranged a special service in the afternoon. The Sheik explained later, in careful and refined English, that unfortunately there was a small attendance, as some of them were very fond of sport and were playing football!

Like an English Folk-Dance

Some features of the service were not unlike an English folk-dance. The dozen men who took part in it sometimes formed a circle and sometimes danced in line, while one or two of them went through special evolutions in the centre. As they proceeded the dance became more excited, the dancers making a curious gurgle in the throat, constantly repeating a syllable which stands for Allah (God), and finally emitting, all in time together, a strange sound almost like barking, catching their breath in a way we found rather distressing to listen to.

Meanwhile one Dervish started to spin. He wore the long, thimble-shaped buff fez characteristic of his sect, and a white skirt, which, as he spun, floated wide, completely hiding his feet from those who watched from the gallery.

Spinning for Twenty Minutes

He started with his hands on his hips; then brought them up to his shoulders, then to his head; then he extended his arms to their utmost, spinning all the while with the smooth and noiseless motion of a well-oiled engine. We timed him with a watch, and found, when he had been spinning for a considerable period, that he was making 47 rotations a minute. He went on for a full twenty minutes without the slightest pause, and with but slight variations of pace, the axis of his motion not perceptibly varying its position on the floor. He must have spun round about a thousand times. When he finally ceased, he turned quietly towards Mecca, bowed for a moment's prayer, and then walked out of the mosque with as straight and sure a step as if he had been standing still all the time.

The service over, the Sheik gave us coffee all round, and explained that Dervishes of different sects gladly join together to hold a common service, that his people believe in a God of love, and that every wholesome pleasure, such as their dancing, which men enjoyed taking part in, could be done in harmony with the praise of God.

AIR FOR DIVERS

Helium Instead of Hydrogen

The United States Bureau of Mines claims that oxygen and helium form a much better combination for a deep-sea diver to breathe than oxygen and hydrogen.

The use of this is said to prevent caisson disease, a complaint which frequently afflicts divers.

THE ELECTRIC TRAINS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY'S BIG CHANGE

Little Things to Notice as We Travel

THE DRIVER AND HIS ENGINE

The Southern Railway is waking up; if it would only print enough time-tables to tell us of its new electric trains, and if only it would run its trains to time instead of keeping them in the stations, we should all be pleased with it.

There are many interesting results of the change, one of them giving stations a new interest for young travellers. At various parts of the platforms we see blue enamelled plates bearing figures.

These numbers (5, 6, and 8) are for the guidance of drivers of the new electric trains which have begun their public career on the old Southern lines. The numbers are the points at which trains of various sizes stop.

Old Legend of the Underground

The new trains mark a revolution in more ways than one. They are to be much more numerous than the steam trains which they supplant and the official stoppages at stations are counted in seconds, though in practice they run to many minutes.

How will timid ladies manage under this new regime of rapidity, if ever it should prove to be real? How will they get in and out? We remember the painful dilemma of the old lady Punch once pictured. She thought it safest to get out backwards from her first Underground train, and she did it so deliberately that the guard thought she was getting in, gave her a friendly push from behind, shot her again into the carriage, and sent the train on its way. So the perplexed dowager spent the whole day travelling round the system.

The Dead Man's Hand

Great as will be the change for passengers, the railwaymen will feel it, too. Hitherto they have each had a mate on their journeys; "but now," said an old hand, "the only company we have is the mechanical device known as the Dead Man's Hand."

Then, though the actual total of physical energy exerted by the men of the new train is far less than on the locomotive, the work is more incessant, and the strain, at first, more wearing. For a hundred years drivers of engines have been accustomed to all sorts of little stops which varied the monotony of driving. There were periodical pauses to take in water and coal, to rake the fire of the boiler, and so on. These pauses vanish when the electric train comes. And the old sense of human association between the man and his charge is lessened. The engine is a great child, a colossal pet to its driver and fireman. Many little attentions it requires and receives.

Changes and Regrets

"But now," says one of the converts a little regretfully, "it is like taking a Ford out and in again. Everything is done for you, both before and after your driving day."

Well, all great changes bring some regrets, and loss of interest, and the electric train is no exception. But the gain is undeniable, in speed, in frequency of service, and above all in cleanliness. Even the engine drivers realise the saving in clothes.

"We shall all be toffs now," said one of them, "but, after all, there was nothing shameful in a little touch of oil and grime on a driver's hands; it was like the hallmark on a silver spoon."

THREE MEN AND A PACT

The Magna Carta of the Swiss

WHY A LITTLE NATION KEEPS THE FIRST OF AUGUST

By Our Switzerland Correspondent

The first of August is a day of solemn and happy commemoration for the Swiss people.

It is the day on which is celebrated the founding of their nation by three brave men and true, who met together just over 600 years ago to swear to stand by each other, and by their countrymen, in defence of their homes and their land, and to free them from the tyranny of the Austrians.

They drew up a Pact, which may still be seen, beautifully written in monastic script, with seals attached, in the archives of Schwyz, the canton to which one of the three men belonged.

"In the name of God, Amen," it began; "Honour and the public weal are promoted when leagues are concluded for the proper establishment of quiet and peace." Then followed a plan by which the men of the three cantons, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, pledged themselves to assist each other "with aid, with counsel, with persons and goods, with might and main," and it was agreed that this pact, drawn up for the common good, should endure to the end of time.

A Pretty Legend

This great Pact is the inheritance which the Swiss people possess, the pact which binds them together. The men who made it were called the Confederates, and the three cantons which first made the bond have increased to 22, and make up the Confederation of Switzerland. Each one governs itself in all internal matters, and joins with the others in the Federal Government for outside and international affairs.

The Swiss have no wish to change their form of government, and so August 1 is a day of rejoicing. Pilgrimages are made to the field on the mountain bank of the Lake of Lucerne, where the solemn oath was first sworn, and homage is paid to the memory of those men of long ago. A pretty legend of the three springs found there tells that the sparkling water first gushed from the ground when it had been pressed by the feet of the patriotic covenanters.

During the day the stronger and more adventurous are carrying and dragging bundles of boughs and sticks up the steep mountain sides, and when night comes every peak becomes a point of glowing light where flames of giant bonfires leap upward to the sky.

THE SCHOOL ROAD TO SUCCESS

A Fine Welsh Record

The use of education as an avenue into wide realms of influence is strikingly shown in Wales, where an astonishing number of thoughtful working men have reached high positions of responsibility and usefulness through study.

According to a Welsh newspaper three heads of colleges were miners when they were young men: one was a tinsmith and another a shoemaker. Five professors were miners; one was a clerk in a colliery office; two were masons, two farm labourers, and two others were ironworkers.

All these notable men took good degrees, many of them eventually at the older Universities, and they are now teaching subjects that cover well nigh the whole range of education.

It may be questioned whether any country with such a population as Wales can show an equal record of successful men who have made themselves distinguished by education.

THE NAVVY AS DENTIST

And the Blacksmith as Surgeon

LIFE IN THE DAYS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

A man working as a navvy on the Sussex roads has been heavily fined for acting as a dentist.

Formerly it would not have been illegal for a navvy or anyone else to practise as a dentist. Barbers commonly coupled dentistry with hair-cutting; and any quack could do as he liked. There was a famous prince of quacks who made dentistry a public show and a lure for the sale of his oils. Long queues formed up at his gilded chariot with its six high-stepping horses; a brass band blared, out came teeth, and then the sale of the oils began.

It was only recently that we were rescued from perils of this sort. Many people remember the barber-surgeon. His colour-wreathed pole is the symbol of his ancient calling from days of long ago to modern times. Not all doctors were quacks then, but many quacks called themselves doctors. Men who left notorious names and great fortunes were quite unskilled in either branch of their profession.

John Lundie's Two Simples

We read of one of them in the diary of Sir Walter Scott. While travelling in the north of England, he had to make a pause at a country town owing to the sudden illness of his servant. The local doctor was sent for, and in came a grave, sagacious-looking personage. Scott jumped as he saw him.

"How in all the world!" said he; "can it be possible that this is John Lundie?"

"In truth it is, your honour, just all that's for him," was the answer.

"Well, but let us hear; you were a horse-doctor before; now it seems you are a man-doctor; how do you get on?"

"O, just extraordinary weel; for your honour must know that my practice is very sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon two simples," said the physician.

"And what may their names be, if it is not a secret?" enquired Scott.

"I'll tell your honour. My two simples are just laudum and calomy."

"Simples with a vengeance," gasped Scott. "But, man, do you never kill anybody?"

"Kill? O aye, to be sure. Whiles they die, and whiles no; it's just the will o' Providence. Anyhow, your honour, it would be long before it makes up for Flodden."

This John Lundie was indeed a Scottish blacksmith who had done a little horse-doctoring in his native village, and he was now, as we see, established as a healer of men. And John was not the worst of his calling.

BIRDS AND BLUE

Does it Fascinate Them?

A recent mention in the C.N. of the way in which blue seems to fascinate sparrows has brought a pleasant note from a Lancashire reader giving a somewhat similar experience with chaffinches.

Chaffinches built a nest in a garden rose bush. When the nest was nearly completed a blue sugar-bag was torn up and dropped in the garden.

The birds were evidently greatly attracted by its bright colour, the pieces quickly disappeared, and they were next seen decorating the outside of the chaffinch's nest in a kind of mosaic.

Our correspondent adds that, as the weather was very fine and the sky a deep blue, the effect of the blue paper woven into the nest was to make the nest almost invisible to the human eye.

GERMANY PAYING

Success of the Dawes Plan

STEADYING THE MONEY SYSTEMS OF THE NATIONS

To stimulate confidence among peoples and to apply reason and justice to a difficult problem is the aim of the Dawes Plan for enabling Germany to pay for the damage done by the war, and, according to the first Report to the Reparations Commission, this is what it is succeeding in doing so far.

The report is written by Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, the American financier appointed by the Commission as its Agent-General in Germany. The C.N. gave an account of this remarkable young man when he was appointed last year, and his words prove him to be not only able but high-minded, and inspired with a desire to bring peace and goodwill back to war-stricken Europe.

Already the Dawes Plan has succeeded in steadying the German mark, making it far steadier than the French franc; and it is making both ends meet in Germany's national accounts. Because it has done that it has been able also to send to the Allies in the first eight months of its working over 31 million pounds, including the value of goods sent as "payment in kind."

End of Financial Chaos

The plan, however, has not yet reached its final test. The payments to be made by Germany when it is in full swing are to be much greater than in these opening years, and it remains to be seen whether the machinery is equal to the full load.

Meanwhile it is good that financial chaos has been ended in Germany, for it was bad for everybody. The one good hope for the recovery of Europe is the way in which the nations are steadying their money systems.

The Director of the Financial Section of the League has been giving members of the House of Commons an account of its work for European reconstruction, and declares that its greatest achievement has been the steadying of European currencies as the necessary foundation of future progress. The result was, he said, that there is no European country whose exports were not greater in 1924 than in 1923.

So though times are bad, they are promising to be better.

THE C.P.R.

Another Big Thing Done

The C.P.R. has just finished lining the great Connaught Tunnel through the Rockies.

It has taken four years to get the work finished, but C.P.R. engineers seem to glory in big things. Half a million bags of cement and thousands of tons of sand and rocks were used, and the concrete was blown on to the wooden frames by compressed air pumps.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

An old brown agate vase . . .	£1732
A Queen Anne bureau bookcase .	£1680
Pair of altar candlesticks, 1582 .	£1365
Panel of Brussels tapestry, 1530 .	£1300
A Greek bronze mirror . . .	£1260
A Greek bronze head . . .	£1050
A 16th-century German tankard .	£525
Pair of Venetian candlesticks .	£420
A James II fire-screen . . .	£404
A William and Mary chair . . .	£267
A letter of Cromwell . . .	£180
1st edition of Boswell's Johnson .	£60

The Charles I Garter riband and a gold tooth-pick presented by the King on the scaffold to Colonel Tomlinson realised £625.

BRAINS AND HEALTH WHAT GOOD ARE THEY WITHOUT IT?

A Great Doctor Forgets the Other Side of the Case

WHAT INVALIDS HAVE DONE FOR THE WORLD

A very distinguished military doctor has recently said that brains without health and strength are not a great deal of service to our fellow men.

No doubt the object of Sir Anthony Bowlby was good when he expressed that opinion. He wished to impress on his hearers the vast importance of health and strength. But he forgot the other side of the case.

It is true that a large proportion of the most serviceable work done for mankind has been done by men strong in body as well as in mind; but it is equally true that, in spite of bodily weakness, a vast amount of splendid work has been done by brain power almost alone. The strong are sure to reap the rewards of victory, and it will become them to snatch any of the credit due to the weak. Let us redress the balance a little.

Flower of Pagan Chivalry

One has only to name, say, a dozen names to make good the case that brain power, without good health or much strength, has often done great things.

Dip into the distant past and at once there emerges the fine figure of Marcus Aurelius, the flower of pagan chivalry. Yet Aurelius, the most thoughtful of ancient monarchs, who has left on the world the deepest impress of his mind, was an almost perpetual invalid.

Come nearer and there is René Descartes, who may be regarded as the founder of modern ways of thinking; all his life was a fight against delicate health.

Or look at two seventeenth-century men who influenced vastly the thoughts and conduct of the better part of our own nation, Richard Baxter and John Locke. Baxter, a man of saintly life and of immense productivity in religious literature, was always near the brink of the grave; and Locke, who commanded the attention of Europe in his own day, and of all philosophers since, was far removed from health and strength.

Darwin's Fight Against Ill-Health

More familiar to most of us are men like Alexander Pope, a mere scarecrow of a man, but with a mind that the strongest would shrink from grappling with, a mind that has left its mark for ever on the language we write.

Then has gentle Charles Lamb, always hovering near the borderline of physical weakness, done no service to his fellow-men? Even the masculine-minded Carlyle would be rejected from human service if physical health were the test. So would Charles Darwin, who shaped the thought of many generations that will follow him, but who, as his biographer said, "never knew for nearly forty years one day of the health of ordinary men, and whose whole life was one long struggle against the weariness and strain of sickness."

An Invalid of the Open Air

Then there are the Brontë sisters, with spirits burning bright, but physically weaklings all; John Richard Green, the heroic historian—heroic over long-impending death; Richard Jefferies the nature-lover, but an invalid of the open-air; and, most striking perhaps, Robert Louis Stevenson, who was all spirit and no physique.

The work of all these has been and will be of great service to mankind, and they are a permanent consolation to those who have brains but little except brains, for it proves that high service yet remains a glorious possibility. That is the other side of the case which Sir Anthony Bowlby did not state.

DRAKE'S GIFT TO PLYMOUTH

CITY AND HER FAMOUS SON

Dr. Johnson and the "Thirsty Rogues"

A STORY OF HIS DICTIONARY

Most of us think of Plymouth as the place where Drake and the Captains of the Fleet played out their game of bowls while the Spanish Armada was sailing up the Channel.

But the civic fathers of present-day Plymouth have been honouring another aspect of Drake's many-sided character; they have been paying tribute to him as a veritable father of the town. For Drake first made it healthy and happy by providing, at his own cost, its great fresh-water supply. For that act of beneficence Plymouth has once more been remembering our national hero of the sea.

Dr. Johnson and Plymouth

That is a phase of practical generosity in the romantic seaman which we are apt to forget. Another figure, just as great and delightful in another way, Dr. Johnson, is associated with Plymouth, where he was once taken by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The beauty of the Sound, which is often likened to the almost incomparable Bay of Naples, together with the rugged charm of the people, completely captivated the scholar from London. He was there for the briefest holiday, but he declared himself a Plymouth man, a brother of the port, and a defender to the death of Drake's water supply.

What the New Town Lacked

At this time great extensions were in progress, a new town rising, two miles from Plymouth as the natural outcome of the dockyard, and an addition to the old town, but regarded, half whimsically, as a rival. Johnson threw himself into the local debates with all that ardour and humour which made his conversations immortal, and vowed himself unreservedly on the side of the old town, the Plymouth in which he was staying, and with comic fervour declared it his duty to stand by it.

The new section had no adequate water supply, and humbly craved a contribution from the ample resources which Drake had furnished for the older part. With what mock ferocity the old Doctor stormed.

What, let the dockers, those aliens and upstarts, take from our water supply?" he said. "Never! No, no, I am against the dockers. I am a Plymouth man!" he roared. "Rogues! Let them die of thirst! They shall not have a drop!"

An Error in the Dictionary

What fun it all was; how delightfully it reads in literature today, this simulated barbarism in one of the tenderest-hearted creatures that ever breathed, the man who made his house an asylum for the poor, the diseased, the blind and stricken, the man who out of his little income would spare half-a-crown a time to buy oysters for Hodge, his pet cat, which was sick and would eat nothing else.

The Plymouth visit is famous in our books for another reason. It was there that a scholarly lady tackled Dr. Johnson on an error in his Dictionary.

"Dr. Johnson," she nervously said, "may I ask what led you to define the pastern as the knee of a horse?"

She expected an elaborate and learned defence, but the great man's reply was: *Ignorance, madam—pure ignorance!*

THE TALE OF A NESTING-BOX

And of the Blue Tits who Made Their Home in It THE TOO CURIOUS CAT

A Hertfordshire reader sends us some experiences with blue tits in her garden that will appeal to bird-lovers.

Last year her husband made a nest-box and placed it on a fence where it could be seen clearly from the window.

The tits, having been fed in the winter with scraps of fat meat, were plentiful. Presently a pair of them were seen examining the box, but the hole in the side was not large enough for them to enter, and so it was enlarged. Immediately the pair adopted the box, and in about a fortnight had made their nest in it. Presently the eggs numbered eleven, and then the mother bird began to sit, while the male bird fed her attentively; and by and by there were ten fluffy young ones. The whole process could be watched from the house without trouble.

The return of the parent birds to feed the ten eager mouths was constant, and sometimes they made three visits in a minute. In about seventeen days the fledgelings were ready to fly, but some time before that they had been looking out of the hole and calling "Sweet, sweet, sweet!" After several had reached a tree branch the old birds ceased to feed those left in the nest, but tempted them at the hole with food, or called to them to come, from the clothes-line opposite, till all had ventured out.

The Cosy Nest

This year the box was again made a nesting-place, and the nest was lined with thermogene woven together with horsehair. Eleven eggs were again laid, but only eight were hatched. Observation was easy as the lid of the box could be raised; but at last the lid had to be protected so that it did not allow a footing for the cat, which had found a resting-place there, and had put her paw through the hole and overturned the nest when only two eggs had been laid. But the nest and the two eggs were restored, and the parent birds did not desert the nesting-box.

When our correspondent wrote the whole brood had dispersed, and their watchers from the window were feeling lonely, missing their interesting ways.

NEW DAMS ON THE NILE A Reservoir 300 Miles Long

Egypt is going ahead with the work of irrigating the Nile valley. Now we hear that the Government has decided to build two new big dams at a cost of over five million pounds.

The bigger of the two dams is to be at Gebel Aulia on the White Nile, and will hold up nearly 6000 million cubic metres of water, nearly four times as much as the Assuan Dam.

The reservoir formed will be over 300 miles long, and will enable a great deal more land to be irrigated than formerly, Khartoum alone receiving an addition of 4000 million cubic metres to her summer water supply.

Nag Hamadi, on the main river, is to be the site of the second dam, and it is interesting to know that it will be the means of many districts receiving water laden with the rich productive silt of the Nile.

THE ARCHER OF THE SKY

MARVELS OF A GIANT CONSTELLATION

Whirling Globes of Fiery Gas THE SUNS OF SAGITTARIUS

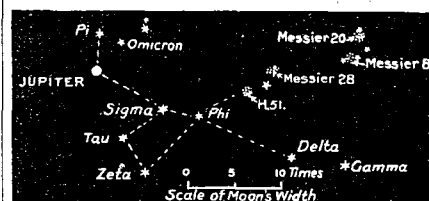
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The region of the Heavens round about Jupiter is one of the most wonderful in the great Universe.

Known as the constellation of Sagittarius, the Archer, it is particularly rich in marvels; but its low altitude in our British skies and the long, lingering twilight, greatly mar the beauty and dull its interest. Still, given a dark, clear sky, much may be observed.

Jupiter's splendid orb, low in the south about 11 p.m., will enable observers to locate the chief stellar gems of Sagittarius. As Sagittarius is a very large constellation the scale of our map is small; but the Moon scale will help observers to estimate the distances.

To the right of Jupiter, and at a lower altitude, will be seen the brilliant Sigma in Sagittarius, a sun 740,000 times as far off as Jupiter. Its light has



The chief stars of Sagittarius, with the famous star clusters and nebulae

taken some 45 years to reach us, whereas light has taken something like half an hour from Jupiter.

This sun is of the intensely hot Orion type, and has been calculated to radiate over 25 times the light of our Sun. It is enveloped in an immense atmosphere of fiery mist, composed largely of helium gas. According to recent spectroscopic research, the entire sun appears to be a whirling globe of fiery gases, several times the size of our Sun.

To the right of Sigma is the third-magnitude star Lambda, whose light has taken nearly 50 years to reach us. It is a sun of a type more like our own, and is chiefly noteworthy as appearing to be placed between two faint but interesting nebulae. One, H 51, is apparently an immense globe of luminous gas, much larger than our solar system.

Zeta, a good way below Sigma, is a Sirian type of sun, largely enveloped in incandescent hydrogen and distant about 1,900,000 times as far as our Sun, its light having taken nearly 30 years to get here.

Epsilon, the brightest star in Sagittarius, and directly below Delta, is too near the horizon for observation.

The Immense Journeys of Light

Pi, much the farthest of these stars, is nearly 13 million times as far as our Sun, the light taking 192 years to reach us from this giant sun, over a hundred times the size of ours. This distance was arrived at both by trigonometric and spectroscopic methods of measurement.

Omicron, the fainter star to the right of Pi, is a sun similar to our own, but much larger and seven million times as far away. For 108 years its light, now reaching us, has been speeding across that vast space. On August 29 the Moon will hide it from view, but the event will not be observable from Britain.

Far beyond these stars of Sagittarius are the millions of the Milky Way, suns whose light has taken from two to twenty thousand years to get here. These are all far beyond naked eye vision, but they appear to cover the floor of the sky with a blaze of sparkling light. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus is in the north-west, Saturn in the south-west, Jupiter south.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 27 Snow-Blind

THE next day marked almost the lowest point in Tom's spirits. He was wandering hopelessly about his floating prison estimating vaguely how long he could keep alive without food.

"Shall I eat my clothes and freeze to death, or keep warm and die of starvation?" he wailed. "Even if I eat my skin clothes, it may only put off the moment of starvation."

His thoughts were going round and round this apparently hopeless problem when suddenly he saw a mirage.

In the sky he saw his brother and Ole near their tent. The tent at least showed they had left their snow house and started out to look for him. Nearby the dogs were tethered and the sled lay ready packed. But it was the work on which the two with the Eskimo's help were engaged that made Tom's courage flag from sheer envy.

They were skinning seals. The Eskimo had evidently laid before each dog more than he could eat of the meat and blubber, as a dark heap before each one testified.

As Tom watched, the last skin was thrown on the sled and the party started off, leaving most of the meat behind.

The mirage faded. It had been clear even for Arctic regions.

"Whatever were they doing?" thought Tom, the empty ache inside him growing almost unbearable at the sight of all that meat being thrown away. "And where are they?"

He knew from what he had heard of Arctic mirages that the others might be fifty miles away from him in any direction.

"It may be all up with Thomas before they get here," he said to himself—"if they ever do."

But the very sight of his brother and friend had raised his courage in spite of himself, and he determined to waste no more time, but try perseveringly the auktok method of hunting seals.

One lay some distance off on the edge of the floe. He had been too dispirited with hunger to try for it, but now, seeing that a smooth approach of snowy ice led to it for about two hundred feet, he put his knife in his belt where it could be easily slipped out, and lay down on the surface to play seal.

"This is going to be a different matter from getting up within fifty yards and shooting," he thought. "I've got to get near enough to catch hold of a flipper and stab him."

Still, he had heard of Eskimo hunters doing this, and at best a native hunter must get within spear-throwing distance.

"Polar bears do it, too, habitually," Tom thought, as he industriously flapped his pretended flippers and imitated the wriggling movement of the seal.

The one he was after saw his dark garments and knew him for no bear. It had probably never seen a man. Tom undoubtedly looked more like a seal than anything else the seal had ever seen.

Up came the small sleek head and the near-sighted eyes after each short nap. If the seal noticed that Tom was getting steadily nearer, it was probably too dull and sleepy to consider the fact significant. A seal has no need to fear his own species, and this one had evidently made up his mind that Tom was a seal. A polar bear is white and a fox is white; Tom was brown. It was enough for the seal. His mind was made up and he wanted his sleep.

He took it in his customary way, short naps of a half-minute each. During these half-minute periods, Tom moved cautiously forward. Whenever he raised his head for

his periodical look around, Tom flexed his knees to pretend he was scratching, and wriggled to show that he, too, had just waked up.

It is a strange thing, but a fact attested by many Arctic hunters, that a seal cannot tell a man from a seal even by looking at him from so close as five yards distant. Tom had actually got as close as this when the seal awoke from what was destined to be his last nap. He looked cautiously at his neighbour, but Tom played his part with desperate care, and to his joy the seal, who had probably eaten well and was very sleepy, laid down his head again.

The half-minute of unconsciousness that followed for his intended prey was ample time for our hunter to slide forward and, seizing a flipper, strike sure and deep.

The seal was his, and Tom breathed a sigh of thankfulness that was almost a sob, as for the moment, too weak with reaction to move, he lay beside it.

In his nervous state he thought of ways in which the dead seal might even yet be lost, and dared not leave it while he fetched his rope for fear of a chance bear or fox; so, pulling and tugging, he dragged it up to his house.

His matches were almost gone, but he allowed one for as much as he could eat of barbecued flesh.

A long sleep followed from which he awoke refreshed.

"I'll go up to the flag again and have a look round," he decided.

Once there he strained his eyes as usual over the snowy waste of the adjacent floes and saw nothing.

If Ole had been there he would have warned the boy against this anxious looking at the snow, but if Tom had ever heard of the danger he had forgotten. Or, perhaps, in his eagerness for a sight of the rescuing party he would have disregarded it. The day was bright but light clouds covered the Sun. On such a day in the Arctic the light is evenly diffused and white; there are no shadows, and Tom, knowing these peculiarities, strained his eyes more than ever in trying to make out the identity of dark patches that appeared at a distance.

"I seem to be crying!" he thought, as he returned later on to his house. Water, indeed, was streaming from his eyes, which felt as if they had sand in them.

He could scarcely see for the flooding of his eyes as he attempted to get his supper, and the smoke from the blubber as he lighted it made his discomfort so intense that he had to give it up.

"I'll compromise, and eat my supper raw," he said to himself, as the tears ran down his cheeks. "I'll have to do that soon, anyway."

At midnight he was awakened by violent shooting pains through his head. His eyeballs seemed burning.

Although none of his party so far had had severe cases, partly because they had religiously worn amber glasses and partly through Ole's careful watch of them, Tom knew enough of the malady by hearsay to realise what his trouble was.

"I'm snow-blind," he moaned, as the terrible pains continued.

It took great courage and will-power for the boy to drag himself, with a day's supply of seal meat, up to the point of ice beside the flag next day, but this was what he had decided to do.

"If I bury myself in the snow house," he reasoned, "they may pass by without seeing me. Up here they can pick me out with the glasses from miles away, even if I can't see them."

He spread the newly-taken seal skin under him to protect himself from the cold below, and, curling himself up with his arms over his eyes to exclude the unendurable light, he prepared stoically to bear the pain of his blindness.

CHAPTER 28

Rescued

TIMOTHY and Ole were meanwhile pushing southward over the ice as fast as their dogs and the opening leads would allow them.

"He must have gone almost directly south with the current," Ole had decided; "but a small floe drifts fast, and there is no way of telling where he may be now."

"If he only had a gun!" cried Timothy. "Tom is very resourceful, but he had so little to work with. Do you suppose he could get a seal with only his knife?"

"Anyone who has been used to a gun would think it impossible," responded Ole. "He had one seal, remember. Maybe we'll find him before that is gone. I don't suppose the possibility of stabbing a seal would occur to him unless he was desperate."

"Don't!" cried Timothy at that, unable to bear the picture of Tom worn and starved that Ole's words called up.

The days continued quiet and overcast, and though there was much open water between the slabs of ice on which they travelled, usually they could make a crossing from one to another where projecting corners touched. Ole also taught Timothy to read the "watersky."

"When the sky is lightly overcast this way," said Ole, "it reflects the surface below it."

Pointing upward, he showed his friend that the sky was coloured with patches of white, and between them strips of dark grey.

"The sky in this sort of weather is a mirror or map of the sea below it," he said. "The white patches are the reflection of snow-covered ice, and the water is reflected in dark stripes. You need never cross miles of ice only to find an impassable lead of open water if you watch the sky and read what it tells you."

This knowledge saved the two white men and their Eskimo many useless hours of travel, but often it told them with disagreeable truthfulness that they were cut off in all directions but the one from which they had come by open water.

"This will never do," said Ole. "We'll have to stop long enough to make ourselves a raft for ferrying the sled across these leads."

"A raft without wood?" asked Timothy.

"A raft of seals," answered Ole. Seals were plentiful, and under Ole's direction they set out to get as many as they could in a short time.

These were brought back to camp and skinned in the Eskimo way when they wished to make bags for holding blubber.

"Start at the seal's jaws," said Ole, showing as he spoke how it was done. "And then peel the skin backward, as if you were pulling off a glove."

Ask Mother to buy you the

'BEST WAY' CHILDREN'S SEWING BOOK

(No. 93)

This splendid book will teach you how to sew and make all sorts of jolly little things—presents for Mother, Red Indian Costumes, and clothes for Dolly. You will be able to get hours of fun from every page.

Any newsagent can supply this book. If he hasn't got it in stock he will order it. Tell Mother to be sure and ask for the

'BEST WAY'
CHILDREN'S SEWING BOOK
6^d of all Newsagents

You leave the flippers unskinned, cutting them off at the joints."

Timothy did carefully as he was told, and then, still at Ole's direction, he tied up the openings tightly with thongs of caribou hide.

"When these have been inflated by blowing," said Ole, "they will float in the water and hold up weights like the 'water-wings' you used when you were learning to swim. Three or four of them, tied to the runners, will hold up a sled."

Progress was swifter after this, for they ferried themselves across open water with comparatively little delay.

Progress could not be fast enough for Timothy, however. Every day as he searched the horizon with his glasses in hopes of seeing some sign of his young brother his mouth grew grimmer.

Ole tried to keep his courage up. "We're making good time, Timmie," he said, in one of his rare attempts to express the sympathy that filled him.

"I know. We couldn't expect to go faster," answered Timothy. "But the trouble is that Tom's small floe may have got into an odd current and be heading east or west or even north again. How can we even know we're going in his general direction? We have no tracks to follow."

Ole nodded. All this had occurred to him.

"I guess it's mostly luck we've got to hope for, buddie," he said. "But one thing is certain; we can't stop till we've found him—or—er—traces of him, if we spend the rest of our lives out here on the ice."

After that there was no more talk between them of hopes or fears. Each day, the moment it was light enough for travel, they set to work more grimly to search the surrounding ice. Each day they feared more poignantly what might be the end of their search.

But one day Timothy lowered his glasses with a set face on which he feared to show the hope that rose in him. It might be one more disappointment, just one more seal sunning itself on the ice.

"Look here a moment, Ole," he said. "Does that dark spot on the ice to the eastward look like a seal to you?"

Ole looked for a long time. The spot Timothy had indicated was just within the range of the powerful glasses.

"Yes, it does," he said finally, as he lowered them. "And yet it looks to me high up on a peak of ice, where no seal would be. Then there's a dark spot above it that I can't make out."

Timothy had already turned the dogs in that direction.

"We'll go near enough to make out with the glasses for certain whether or not it's a seal," he said, sure of Ole's approval.

As they drew nearer their object they knew beyond a doubt that it was not a seal, at least—and here, in speaking of it, Timothy found his breath gone so he could not finish his sentence—not a live one.

From then on neither Timothy nor Ole spoke as they raced over the ice. Neither dared speak the dread that was in their minds. Why did that small curled-up skin object lie so still? They shouted and waved their arms as they drew nearer. But there was no response.

A wide lead separated them from the floe on which the young brother lay. Still he made no response to their signals. They threw aside the load that was on the sled and used it on the inflated seal skins as a ferry for themselves.

Tom had sunk into a deep slumber of exhaustion. The shooting pains of his snow-blindness had kept him awake for two days and nights, and now, as it abated, he slept with his head in his arms.

A clutching at his shoulder brought him up, out of the depths of sleep. It was Tim's voice like a sob in his ear.

"Oh, Tommie! Tommie!" "Hello, you fellows!" said Thomas, rising rather unsteadily to his feet and shaking himself. "About time you turned up, if I may say so! Welcome to my humble domain."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

An Intrepid Admiral

BURIED in Westminster Abbey as an honour for the splendid services he had rendered to the nation, but disinterred later in petty spite, one of the greatest admirals England has ever produced lives today on the roll of fame and in the hearts of his countrymen.

He played many parts in life and played them all well. Born in Somerset, he was educated at the local grammar school and then went to Oxford, where he became a candidate for a fellowship. In sport and games he did well. Returning to his native town he became a successful business man, carrying on his father's business as a merchant. Then he went into politics and was elected to Parliament. Turning to arms during a period of civil strife he became a very successful officer and defended an important city for nearly a year against overwhelming odds, so that the siege became a turning-point in the war. He became a lieutenant-colonel and governor.

At a moment when the English fleet was in a state of disaffection and weakness, he, with two others, was appointed to organise and make it an effective weapon. His extraordinary ability was soon manifest and within two years he had formed a powerful fleet which played havoc with the enemy's ships. He not only destroyed their fleet, but captured treasure ships, and on returning home was thanked by Parliament and made warden of the Cinque Ports.

After other brilliant successes he was appointed sole Admiral of the Fleet, and war having broken out with another foreign power, whose admiral insulted the British flag, he set out to punish him and falling in with the enemy's fleet defeated it. He captured some rich merchantmen and cleared the Channel of all enemy craft.

Success followed success almost without interruption. In one engagement he captured the enemy's rear-admiral; in another he met the foe with only half the number of ships the enemy had, and although the victory did not lay with him that time, he soon reorganised his fleet and when the enemy vauntingly tied a broom to his masthead to show that he had swept the English from the narrow seas, the English admiral tied a whip to his masthead and soon whipped the foe back to his ports with the loss of many ships.

Other engagements followed and he performed a great international service by destroy-

ing a powerful fleet of Turkish pirates. He was a liberal man and very kind to his sailors.

While at sea he caught a fever and died as his ship was entering Plymouth Sound. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Time, Old Time, Now Laughs Away, All the World's a Holiday

D! MERRYMAN

"MR. DARING," said the kinema director, "in this scene a lion will pursue you for five hundred feet."

"Five hundred feet?" interrupted the actor.

"Yes, and no more than that—understand?"

The hero nodded. "Yes, I understand," he said; "but does the lion?"

□ □ □

Do You Live in Wolverhampton?

SEVEN centuries ago the name was spelt Wulfrunehanton, and this is derived from Wulfrun, a Christian name, and heah tun, meaning high town. It is thus the high town of Wulfrun, who was the daughter of King Edmund and founded a college and endowed a church there. In course of time a town grew up on the spot and was given the name indicated.

□ □ □

Buried Authors

EACH of the following sentences expresses the name of a famous author.

1. Agitate a weapon; 2. The head of a church; 3. A native of Caledonia; 4. A flowering bush or tree; 5. The value of speech; 6. The process of colouring darkly.

Solutions next week

□ □ □

WHY is a secret like silence?

Because you cannot talk about it and keep it.

□ □ □

Let Well Alone

A GENTLEMAN was taking a lady for a run in his motor-car, and was showing her the right way to drive.

"Now," he said, "I want to show you the right way to change gears."

The lady seemed puzzled at first, but then exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Jones, don't let's change them; they're just right as they are!"

□ □ □

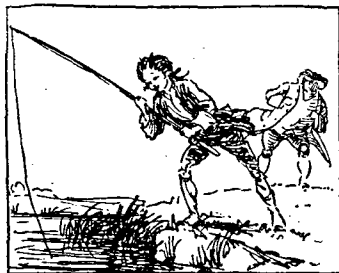
Nothing is Impossible

THERE was a young fellow of Staines

Who had quite exceptional brains. With a sponge he'd try The Thames to dry, But the result was not worth his pains.

□ □ □

Contradictory Proverbs



It is good to fish in troubled waters



Never fish in troubled waters

□ □ □

WHY is a washerwoman like a big ship?

Because she draws much water.

The Diner's Reply

A MAN was seen coming out of a restaurant by a friend, who said to him:

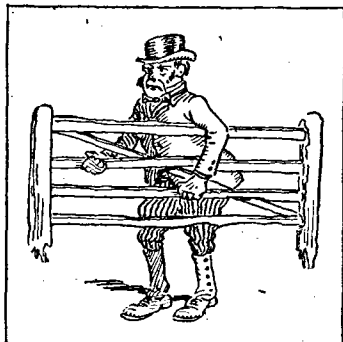
"Well, did you have a good meal?"

To this the man replied in the following curious way: "I 8 0."

Can you say what he meant?

Solution next week

Taking No Chances



GROWLED the Farmer, "Allow me to state

That I won't let folks sit on my gate. To put which beyond doubt,

I'll just haul it about, Though I own it's a bit of a weight!"

□ □ □

Unrequited Affection

A TEACHER who had given a small boy a whipping remarked at the end of the operation:

"You know, Johnny, I am only punishing you because I love you."

"Ah," said Johnny, with a sigh, "how I wish I were big enough to return your love!"

□ □ □

A Question of a Comma

"JACK is still very careless," said his father at breakfast, "in spite of being reprov'd both at school and at home. In a letter which I have just received he writes:

It was and I said not or.

"Whatever can he mean?"

How should the sentence read?

Solution next week

□ □ □

Too Much for One Ass

A FARMER found his cart too heavy for the donkey to pull on to the road. A passing tourist came to the rescue, and helped to drag the vehicle. The farmer, full of gratitude, turned to the obliging pedestrian and, thanking him, added: "I never could have done it with one ass."

□ □ □

The Tall Giraffe

Here is a poem which appeared in The Granta, at Cambridge, a magazine run by undergraduates at the University.

THE tall giraffe, all blotched and barred,

Well known in sketch and photograph,

Must find his life extremely hard,

The tall giraffe.

When sparkling water he would quaff,

He must wish such a high façade Might somehow be reduced to half,

The tall giraffe.

Still, when he falls to hunter's shard,

He's given a Latin epitaph, And called "Giraffe Camelopard,"

The tall giraffe!

□ □ □

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Wizard's Alphabet

L, B, T, O, D, J, P, and A (aye)

Puzzle Words

Hoist, host; lance, lace; noise, nose; reply, rely; table, tale.

Jacko Plays Tennis

JACKO was very fond of a game of tennis. He didn't play at all well, but he loved "having a whack at a ball," as he called it.

As a matter of fact, Jacko's whacks at a ball were so well known that very few people asked him to play.

But one day Jacko *did* have an invitation.

It came from some people who had only just come to the neighbourhood, and who didn't know much about Jacko—or they certainly wouldn't have asked him to play tennis! In fact, there must have been a mistake somewhere, because they seemed to think Jacko was very good at the game.

"We have asked some specially good players to meet you!" said the letter, which Jacko read out with great pride.

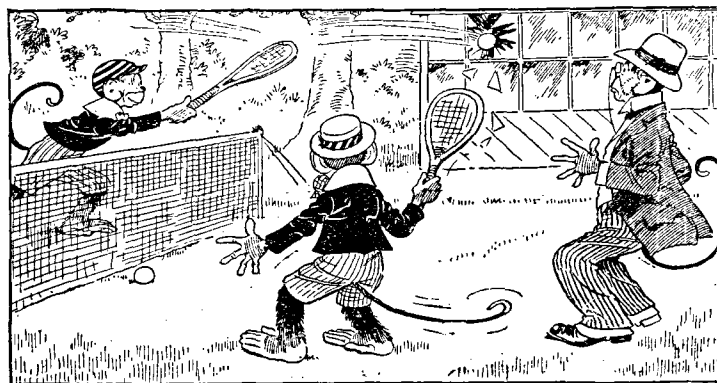
Of course Adolphus said there was some mistake; it was perfectly obvious that the invitation was meant for *him*. But there was no getting away from the fact that it was addressed to Jacko, and Jacko meant to go. He wrote off at once to say so.

And, sure enough, he turned up at the party, grinning from ear to ear and brandishing Adolphus's new racquet, which he had "borrowed" while Adolphus wasn't looking.

There were quite a lot of people sitting round the tennis court to watch the games, and Jacko fairly swelled with pride when it was his turn to play.

"I'll show them what's what!" he said, waving his racquet round his head.

He certainly did cause a sensation when he began to play. He hit the first ball right out of the tennis court; in fact, it went clean out of the garden altogether and wasn't seen again!



His next ball went through the greenhouse

Mr. Chimp, the gentleman who was giving the party, was very annoyed about it. He said it was a new ball, and that balls cost a lot of money nowadays, and that Jacko must be more careful.

And Jacko was more careful. He hit his next ball very gently—for him—and it went right into Mr. Chimp's face and smashed his eyeglass!

Mr. Chimp was very angry indeed. He wanted to stop the game, but Mrs. Chimp said accidents would happen, and told Jacko to go on playing.

His next ball went through the greenhouse. The one after that smashed the drawing-room window. One of the ladies who was watching had her hat knocked off.

Last, but not least, a ball smashed the fountain in Mrs. Chimp's rock garden, and splashed all the water and goldfish out on to the path. And Mrs. Chimp's cat ate half the goldfish before they could drive it away.

Jacko was quite hurt when he was told that it was time to go home. He said he had only just come. But everybody else seemed to think he had been there quite long enough.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1925	1924
London	6785	6838
Glasgow	2197	2111
Manchester	1475	1067
Dublin	913	891
Belfast	829	725
Edinburgh	668	703
Walsall	187	182
Brighton	175	162
Ipswich	128	112
Bath	90	74
Aberdare	70	77
Chester	65	76

The four weeks are up to June 27, 1925

Ici on Parle Français



Le cheval Le héron Le sac

Placez le tableau sur ce cheval

Les hérons habitent les marécages

Cette dame a perdu son petit sac



La ruche Le pompier Le houx

Les abeilles entrent dans la ruche

Les pompiers éteignent l'incendie

Le houx a des feuilles piquantes

Tales Before Bedtime

Josephine's Mistake

JOSEPHINE didn't like bathing. She was fond of paddling in sandy pools, because they were so safe and warm, and nobody minds shrimps swimming round one's toes; but bathing in the sea with the waves prancing like sea-horses, and perhaps monster jelly-fishes waiting to sting her, she didn't like at all.

But Nannie said "Nonsense! Look how Robin and Baby enjoy it! You mustn't be silly!" And every day she marched the children to the row of green-and-white bathing vans for their morning dip.

Josephine didn't mind this so much while the weather was hot; but one day, when it was cold and windy, she wanted to stay on the shore.

"Don't be a baby!" said Nannie. "In you go!"

The queer part was that Nannie, Robin, and Baby loved the cold water, and could not understand why Josephine's teeth chattered.

"Well, I suppose you must run in and get dressed; you look quite blue," said Nannie at last; and Josephine tumbled out of the sea as quickly as she could back to the bathing van, and began to rub herself warm with dry towels.

Then she looked round for her clothes, and had a fright. They were not there, or else they had changed into a lady's clothes, *much, much* too big for a little girl.

Then Josephine guessed what had happened. She had run into the wrong van and made somebody else's towels all wet. What *should* she do?

There was a loud knock on the door, and poor Josephine



What should she do?

trembled. But when the lady came in and found a strange little girl wrapped up in her towel, she was not cross at all.

She said it was all because the vans were as like as two peas; and when she found that Josephine didn't like bathing, she said, "That's because you can't swim. I'll teach you."

And so she did, and now Josephine is as fond of the sea as a water-baby.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

August 1, 1925

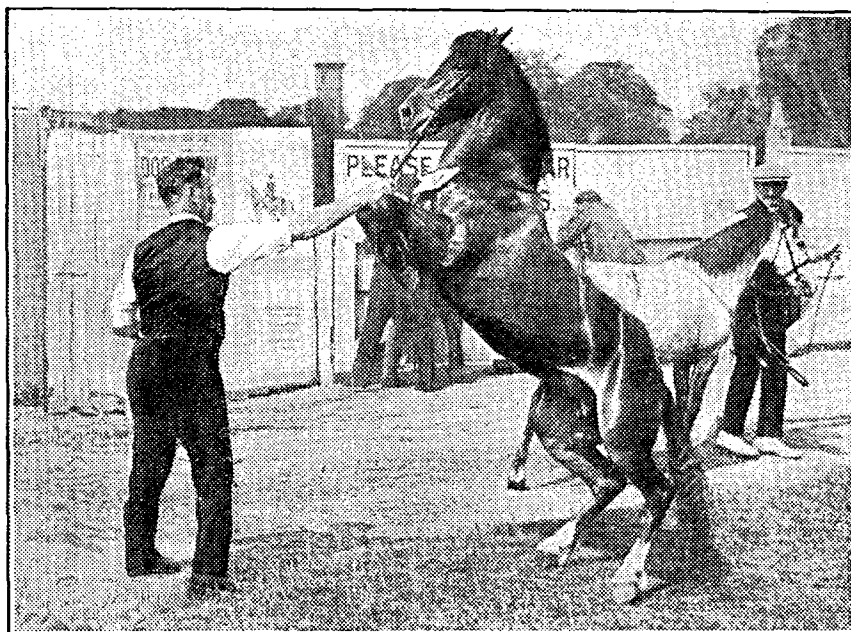
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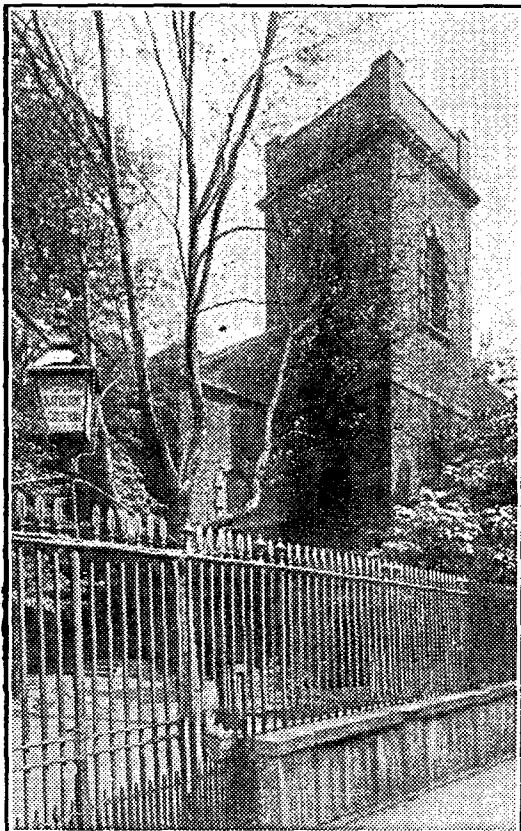
FLOWERS FROM CANADA · MOTORIST'S AMAZING CLIMB · EARTHQUAKE'S WORK



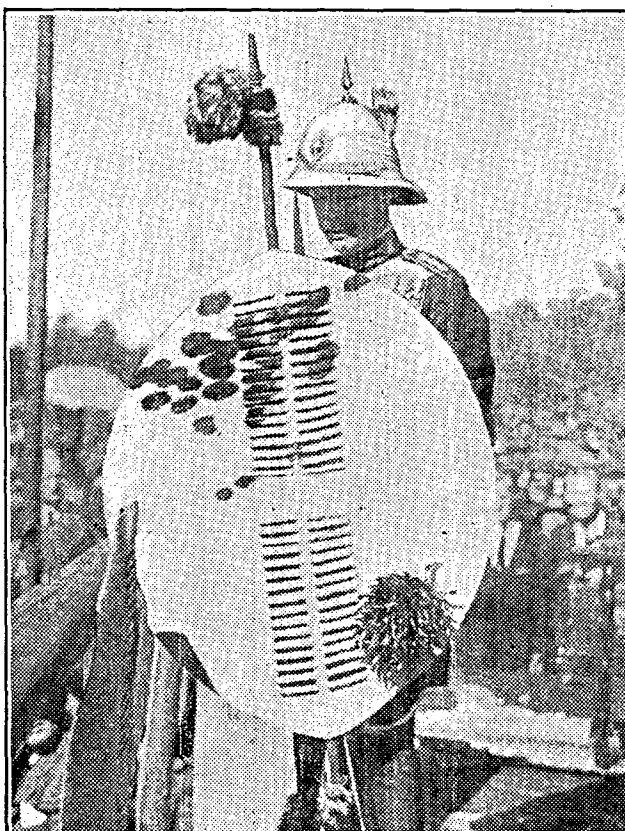
Peonies from Canada—Five thousand peony buds which were shipped from Canada in a liner's cold storage found many admirers when exhibited outside the Dominion offices



A Welsh Pony Proves a Handful—This competitor in the Welsh Pony class at a recent show gave a great deal of trouble to its masters and persisted in standing on its hind legs



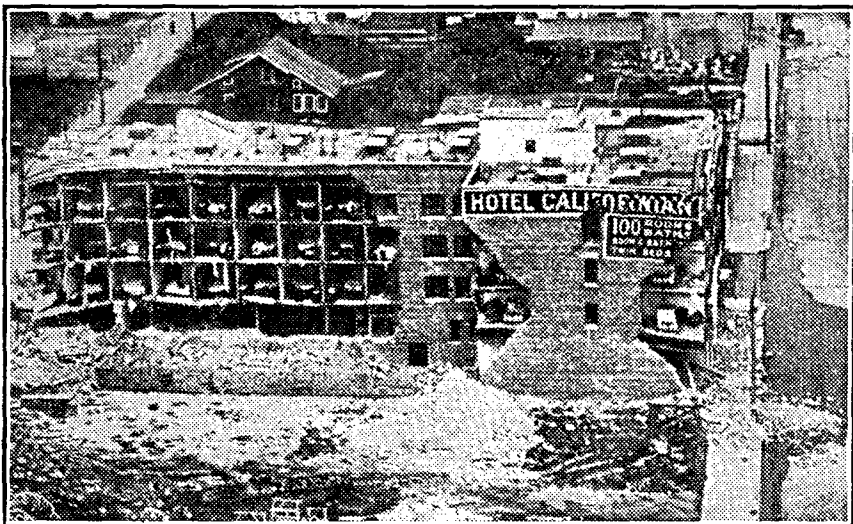
A Doomed London Church—Many churches in the City of London are little used and some have been pulled down. Here is the Church of St. Katherine Coleman, Fenchurch Street, which is to disappear. It is on the site of what will be the new office of Lloyd's Shipping Register



Swaziland's Gift to the Prince—While the Prince of Wales was in Swaziland the Swazi king gave him a native shield and spears, which he is here seen carrying. Wherever he goes the Prince is very popular with both whites and natives, and the other day in Northern Rhodesia he helped put out a fire among a group of native huts



A Steep Hill for the Motor-cyclist—Extraordinarily difficult feats were demanded of competitors in a motor-cycle hill-climbing test at Laguna Beach, California, lately, and here we see the winner going up a seemingly impossible hill. Very great skill in riding was needed



The Result of an Earthquake—Here is an important street in the once beautiful Californian town of Santa Barbara just after the great earthquake had occurred. The big building is a hotel and the shocks have caused the outside wall to fall, exposing the rooms inside



A Midday Rest by the Tower of London—The hot weather has caused thousands of workers in all large cities and towns to go out of doors for their luncheon, and the river front in the City of London is always thronged. The Tower of London promenade is a favourite spot

LONDON IN THE SHADOW OF A GREAT BETRAYAL—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

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W.R.